

# THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

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MISS JULIA MATHEWS AS 'GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA.'



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**MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.**  
In consequence of the unequalled success of Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour. Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men." Treble encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

**MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL** of  
England, Ireland, and Scotland, previous to his return visit to the United States.

**THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, for EIGHTEEN NIGHTS.**

Cork.	Liverpool.	Newcastle.
Limerick.	Aberdeen.	Sheffield.
Belfast.	Glasgow.	&c. &c. &c. to follow.

Business Manager, T. S. AMERY.

## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—Last Three Weeks of **RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION**.—Immense success of **RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION**. Every Evening at 6.45, **NOBODY IN LONDON**. At 7.45 **RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION**.—Mr. James Anderson, Mr. R. Dolman, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. Crosswick; Miss Wallis and Miss Bessie King. To conclude with **HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE**.—F. Evans and Troupe. Prices from 6d. to 5s. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 6.45. Box-office open from Ten till Five daily.

## ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Lessee and Manager.—Crowded Houses and enormous success of **THE TWO ORPHANS**, the greatest drama of the day. **EVERY EVENING**, at 7.30, **THE TWO ORPHANS**, adapted from the French by John Oxenford. New scenery, dresses, and decorations. Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler; Mesdames Erstone, Huntley, Hazleton, C. Harcourt, A. Taylor, and Charles Viner; Messrs. Wm. Rignold, C. Harcourt, Suggs, Voltaire, Roland, and Atkins. Preceded, at 7, by **TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER**.—Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

**THE TWO ORPHANS**, in six acts and eight tableaux, **EVERY EVENING**, at 7.30. Preceded, at 7, by **TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER**. Doors open at 6.30. Box office open daily from 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Free list entirely suspended.

## LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—Mr. Henry Irving.—After

months of preparation this great play will be produced **THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING**, at eight o'clock, with new scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert. New dresses and appointments, &c. And the characters by the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. HENRY IRVING, T. Swinbourne, Chippendale, Compton, E. Leathes, G. Neville, T. Mead, H. B. Conway, F. Clements, Beveridge, &c.; Miss G. Pauncefort and Miss Isabel Bateman (her first appearance this season). Preceded, at seven, with **FISH OUT OF WATER**. Mr. Compton. Conclude with **THE DUMB BELLE**.—Box office open ten till five. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.

## OPERA COMIQUE.—Miss AMY SHERIDAN has

the honour to announce that the above theatre will **REOPEN THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING**, under her sole management, with an entirely new Opera-Bouffe Extravaganza by F. C. Burnand, called **IXION RE-WHEELED**. New and appropriate scenery by W. L. Telbin and W. Hann. Costumes designed by Alfred Thompson. A new act drop painted by W. L. Telbin. Dresses by Miss Price and Mons. Alias. The selected Music and Overture arranged and composed by W. C. Levey. A produced, entitled **LOVE IN A FIX**. Artists engaged: Mesdames Patty petite Comedy, written by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan, will also be Laverne, Eleanor Bufton, Rose Berend, Alice Phillips, Louise Beverley, R. Power, Julia Vokins, Mabel Stuart, Amy Hatherley, C. Pearce, &c.; Messrs. J. D. Stoyke, F. Sullivan, R. Barker, Richard Temple, Gaston Murray, J. G. Jarvis, &c. Stage Manager, Mr. R. Barker. Box-office open daily from eleven till five, under the direction of Mr. W. Colliver. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; back seats of circle, where bonnets may be worn, 4s.; upper circle, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; gallery, 1s. No charge for booking.—Gaston MURRAY, Acting Manager.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARRI LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30 with **PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY**. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, **BRIGHTON**. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alice Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Enormous Success of

the Revival of **TWO ROSES**. On Monday and during the week, at Half past Seven, **LEGACY LOVE**. At Eight, James Albery's admired Comedy, **TWO ROSES**. Concluding with a new Musical Improbability, entitled **GREEN OLD AGE**, by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nelly Walters, Cicely Richards, and Sophie Larkin.—Acting Manager, Mr. D. M'Kay.

## GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Enthusiastic reception of the Drama and Opera-Bouffe. **EAST LYNNE** at 7, **VERT-VERT** at 9. Characters by Messrs. George Barrett, Leonard Boyne, Frank Wood, Hudspeth, Swift, Gordon, Coles, H. R. Teeddale, &c.; Mesdames Ada Ward, Marie Parselle, Stephens, Thérèse de Valery, Louisa Payne, Marie Bramah, Norrie Jordan, Lilian Adair, Egerton, Murielle, and Camille Dubois. Full Band and Chorus of Sixty.—Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the Box office of the theatre daily, between 11 and 5, and at all the Libraries.

## CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—LYDIA

THOMPSON.—The Success of the Season.—Third Week of Farnie's Oriental Extravaganza of **BLUE BEARD**. Powerful cast, charming music. Preceded, at 7.45, by **CLEVER SIR JACOB**.

## MR. H. B. FARNIE'S BLUE BEARD, at the

CHARING CROSS THEATRE, has now settled down for a long and successful run. The charming acting, singing, and dancing of Miss Lydia Thompson, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the Heathen Chinese of Willie Edouin, the Protean changes of Mr. John Morris, the exquisite finish of Miss Atherton, the brightness of Miss Kathleen Irwin, the ruddy beauty of Miss Topsy Venn, and the brilliant costumes, capital scenery, and taking music, combine, under Mr. Henderson's able management, to attract everybody in town.—*The Hornet*, Oct. 7.

## BLUE BEARD, by Farnie.—The 523rd Night of its

performance by Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and her company. Notice.—To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, seats should be secured in advance.—Box-office open from ten to five, and at all libraries.

## ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, **LE ROI CAROTTE**. Libretto by Henry S. Leigh. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

## ALHAMBRA.—Reappearance of Mlle. Sara in the

celebrated Rustic Quadrille in Act 2nd of **LE ROI CAROTTE**.

## ALHAMBRA.—Grand Spectacle. Magic Effects.

Grand Ballets in **LE ROI CAROTTE**. Prices as usual. Box office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking.

## PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—Manager, Mr.

SHEPHERD.—Grand Operatic Triumph. At 7.30, the Operetta of **THE TWO GREGORIES**. 8.20, Lecocq's last Grand Opéra, **GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA**. Miss JULIA MATHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Garden, J. Murray, and E. Rosenthal. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, M. Riviere. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opéra can be performed. Private Boxes and Fauteuils at all the Libraries.

## MISS JULIA MATHEWS

will appear as **GIROFLÉ-GIROFLA**,  
Every Evening, at the  
PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

## MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Three minutes from

Edgware Road Station.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.—Production of the Great Spectral Drama, by kind permission of Nelson Lee the Younger, entitled **MONEY AND MISERY**; or, **THE PHANTOM IN THE SNOW**. Powerful cast, startling situations, mechanical and scenic effects. For Six Nights more, John and Maggie Fielding, America's most talented Irish Comedians, who are nightly received with enthusiasm. To conclude with the Grand Historical Drama, by R. Dodson, Esq., entitled **TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO**; or, **TWO LOVES AND TWO LIVES**.—Boxes and stalls, 1s.; Pit, 6d.; Gallery, 4d.

## SURREY.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45, the Powerful

Nautical Drama, **SHIP AHOY**. Messrs. John Nelson, Henry Forrester, James Fawn, Joseph Plumptre, H. C. Sidney, F. Shepherd, W. Stacey, &c.; Misses Adelaide Ross, Lavis, Margaret Cooper, &c. To commence, at 7, with **DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?** And the entertainments conclude with the screaming Farce, **TURN HIM OUT**.—Treasurer, Mr. C. Holland. Secretary, Mr. Thomas B. Warne.

## PAVILION THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. Morris Abra-

hams.—Entire Change of Performance, and Renewal of Two Powerful Dramas, **LILY DALE**, and **THE FRUITS OF CRIME**. Every evening at Seven, **LILY DALE**, powerful cast; and to conclude with **FRUITS OF CRIME**. The above Dramas will be supported by Messrs. F. Thomas, J. Clifton, Morrison; and Mesdames M. Foster, H. Clifton, Lottie Reynolds, Murray, Simpson, and Miss Jenny Grainger. On Wednesday, Miss M. Foster's Benefit. On Saturday next, **THE FLYING SCUD**.—Isaac Cohen, Stage Manager.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

NOVEMBER 28th, 1874.  
TUESDAY, Nov. 24th.—English Comedies. Production of Shakespeare's **MERCHANT OF VENICE**. Messrs. Creswick, Ryder, Pennington, Wyndham, and Miss Genevieve Ward.

THURSDAY, Nov. 26th.—English Comedies. Production of Mortimer's **SCHOOL OF INTRIGUE** (Beaumarchais' *Figaro*). Mr. H. Neville, Miss Fowler, &c.

SATURDAY, Nov. 28th.—Concert. Handel's **L'ALLEGRO**. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Edward Lloyd.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

## ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

OPEN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).  
Admission 1s.; on Monday 6d.; children always 6d.  
Among the most recent additions is a NIGHT PARROT from New Zealand.

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

## THE ILLUSTRATED

## Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

## The Drama.

WITH the current programmes of the leading theatres continuing unchanged during the week, there is little to record beyond the reopening, on Saturday night, of the Alexandra Theatre at Camden Town, and an afternoon performance at the Globe on Saturday, for the benefit of Mr. E. J. Odell, whose unique and genuine talent for delineating the grotesque pomposity and mock dignity of opéra-bouffe and burlesque was first displayed as one of the ambassadors in *La Grande Duchesse* at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, and subsequently in *Chilperic* and *Petit Faust* at the Lyceum. The very elegantly decorated theatre erected in Park Street, Camden Town, by Mr. Thorpe Pede, some two years ago, and carried on by him for only a very brief season, has been reopened under the management of Mr. George Owen with a fair working company, the principal members of which, besides the manager himself and his wife, Mrs. George Owen—a *tragédienne* and melodramatic actress of acknowledged ability, who has formerly played at Sadler's Wells, and has since become a great favourite in Dublin—comprise Miss Helen Douglas, also an actress of merit; Miss Jane Coveney, of the Princess's Theatre; Miss Rosina Power, and Messrs. Bannister, Lester Herbert, George Peyton, Gayton, &c. The inaugural programme consisted of the drama of *Leah* and a dramatic version of Miss Braddon's novel, "*Aurora Floyd*," and attracted a densely crowded audience, who, however, were so noisy and uproarious that a great portion of the performance was gone through in dumb show, and no judgment could be formed of Saturday night's representation. When we witness it under quieter auspices, we shall take an opportunity of noticing it in detail. For the present we can only state that the principal feature of *Leah* is the striking impersonation by Mrs. George Owen of the deserted and persecuted Jewess, a character she has frequently represented before; and that *Aurora Floyd*, efficiently cast as it is, will be likely to prove attractive from the acting of Miss Helen Douglas as the heroine, and Mr. George Owen as 'Softy,' the part in which Mr. George Belmonte created such a sensation when this drama was produced at the Princess's. The *Colleen Bawn* is underlined to be shortly produced.

The programme provided by Mr. Odell for his benefit at the Globe Theatre, on Saturday, comprised, besides a variety of minor entertainments, the third act of *Two Roses*, by the Vaudeville company, and Poole's travestie of *Hamlet*, with Mr. Odell as the Danish prince, Mr. Lionel Brough as the 'King,' Mr. Turner as 'Polonius,' M. Marius as 'Laertes,' Mr. George Barrett as the 'Ghost,' Mrs. Stephens as the 'Queen,' Miss Camille Dubois as 'Horatio,' and Miss Rachel Sanger as 'Ophelia.' Poole's travestie, originally produced at Covent Garden upwards of sixty years ago, must be a novelty to the present generation of playgoers, and as obsolete and old-fashioned in its fun as *Bombastes Furioso*. Nevertheless the special interest excited just now in *Hamlet*, through Mr. Irving's great success at the Lyceum, rendered the revival of this dramatic fossil a "happy thought," and so great was the desire to witness it and Mr. Odell's rendering of the principal character, presumed in travestie of Mr. Irving, that every available space in the theatre became occupied soon after the opening of the doors; and the experiment resulted in such signal success that the travestie will, after Tuesday next, be included, in conjunction with *East Lynne*, in the regular nightly programme of this house, in lieu of *Vert-Vert*.

The present series of representations of English comedies at the Crystal Palace terminated yesterday, when Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* was repeated with the same cast as on Tuesday week. As was very likely from the success which has attended these performances, and the favour they have been receiving by the residents in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, arrangements have been made for them to be continued. *The Merchant of Venice* will be produced on Tuesday next, with Mr. Creswick as 'Shylock,' Mr. Charles Wyndham as 'Gratiano,' and Miss Genevieve Ward as 'Portia'; then will follow in rotation *The Lady of Lyons*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear, and *The Love Chase*, with Miss Fowler as 'Constance,' Mrs. Sterling as 'Widow Green,' and Mr. Charles Wyndham as 'Cousin Wildrake.'

To-night the Opéra Comique and Sanger's National Amphitheatre (late Astley's) reopen; the former under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan, with a *petite* comedy by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan, entitled *Love in a Fix*, and a new opéra-bouffe extravaganza by Mr. F. C. Burnand, called *IXION RE-WHEELED*, and founded upon the same story as was his celebrated Royalty burlesque, *IXION*. Among the company engaged by Miss Sheridan



are several favourite artists, including Pattie Laverne, Eleanor Bufton, Rose Behrend, Alice Phillips, &c., and Messrs. J. D. Stoyke, F. Sullivan, Richard Temple, J. G. Jarvis, E. Barker, and Gaston Murray, who fills the post of acting manager.—Messrs. Sanger's opening programme consists of the equestrian, spectacular drama of *Turpin's Ride to York*, in which Washington Crowhurst, an actor who has earned considerable reputation in America, will make his first appearance in England as 'Dick Turpin'; to be followed by equestrian and gymnastic feats in the circle, and concluding with the fairy spectacle of *Cinderella*, represented by 200 children.

Next week several important events are announced to take place. On Monday Dr. Lynn, after two compulsory postponements through the alterations and decorations of his large saloon at the Egyptian Hall not being completed in time, resumes his clever and amusing entertainment, with several novel and startling experiments added to his programme.

On Thursday, Mr. Henry Neville takes his annual benefit at the Olympic, when, in addition to the greatly successful play of *The Two Orphans*, the drama of *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady* will be performed, in which Mr. Neville will sustain (for the first time in London) the part of 'Ruy Gomez,' and Miss Flower that of the 'Duchess of Torrenueva.' On Saturday the Gaiety matinees, which have been deservedly so popular since their first institution by Mr. Hollingshead, will be resumed for the season, with a performance of Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla*, by the company from the Philharmonic; and a morning performance of *The Black Prince* will be given at the St. James's; but the most important of all will be the reopening of the Criterion Theatre for its second season with an English version of Lecocq's last new opera, *Les Près Saint-Gervais*, which was produced for the first time last Saturday at the Variétés, Paris, with great success, and the sole right of representing which in this country has been purchased by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. The Criterion will now be under the direction of Mrs. H. W. Liston, formerly manageress of the Olympic, who, as well as Mr. Reece, to whom is confided the task of adaptation for the English stage, went to Paris to witness the new opera on its first production at the Variétés.

The season of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, which has been unprecedently popular and successful under the spirited enterprise of the Messrs. Gatti, will terminate next Saturday, as the theatre is required for the preparations for the Christmas pantomime, but an extra night will take place on the following Monday, the 30th inst., for the benefit of Mr. John Russell, who has so efficiently, and with such zealous ability and uniform courtesy, fulfilled the onerous and frequently difficult duties of acting manager.

It seems early yet to even think of the Christmas entertainments, but Mr. Chatterton already announces the Drury Lane pantomime as *Aladdin, and the Wonderful Lamp*, in which the Vokes family will make their first appearance in London since their return from America; and *Beauty and the Beast*, for the Princess's. Of the other forthcoming pantomimes, it is said that *Little Red Riding Hood* and *The Babes in the Wood* will form the subjects for that at Covent Garden; *Little Boy Blue* for the Marylebone; *Robinson Crusoe* for the Standard; *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Albion; and *Cinderella* at the Crystal Palace.

#### MISS JULIA MATHEWS.

THIS highly popular actress and vocalist was born in London, and though her first appearance on the stage occurred in the Metropolis, she proceeded at such an early age to Australia with her parents that she may be said to have commenced her theatrical career there. Her debut in Sydney proved so successful that before long she became the most attractive "star" in the colonies. In most cases of acquired histrionic fame a long and generally arduous apprenticeship has been served before distinction has been obtained, but the subject of our notice appears to have presented an exception to that rule, for her reputation was stamped at once, and that in a remarkable manner. Precocity in children is frequently looked upon as the precursor of inability in later years, but the impression made by Miss Mathews as a child has not only been maintained, but fortified and intensified by her riper efforts as a woman. Her success in what may be termed infancy is proved to have been the natural outcome of rare genius and extraordinary intuition. Referring to one of the earliest press notices of her performances in Melbourne, we read that "this clever child exhibits a surprising versatility, and is evidently destined to hold an important position in the profession which she already adorns." How far the prediction has been verified is sufficiently answered by a glance at a list of the lady's achievements in London. On her return from the colonies, where she had played with increasing popularity during a period of ten years, she appeared at Covent Garden as the original representative in English of the 'Grand Duchess,' in Offenbach's famous opera of that title. The decided hit she made in the character was followed up by a series of successes during a long engagement at the Gaiety, where she played the principal parts in *Barbe Bleue*, *La Belle Hélène*, *Letty the Basketmaker*, &c. The successes with which she has been closely identified of late are those which have lifted the Philharmonic Theatre into popularity. There our highly gifted actress and vocalist represented 'Madame Lange,' in Lecocq's *La Fille de Madame Angot*, for more than twelve months, and she now appears nightly at the same theatre in the title rôle of 'Giroflé-Girofla,' in which character our readers are presented with her portrait. Of this particular performance, and of the opera generally, a long account has already been given in our columns. We content ourselves therefore on this occasion with a brief allusion to Miss Mathew's great success as the twin heroines.

#### Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

#### ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

It is always painful to be obliged to chronicle the failure of a laudable speculation; but it is impossible to conceal the fact that, thus far, the Royal Albert Hall Concerts have met with no success. Does this fact necessarily imply a want of taste, or a deterioration of taste, on the part of the musical public; or does it spring from defects inherent in the scheme and management of these concerts? From the latter alternative there is no escape. Now that the experiment has been fully tried, it seems certain that the Albert Hall is inconveniently placed as a locale for popular concerts. The immediate neighbourhood is thinly populated, and quite incapable of supporting such an undertaking. The dwellers in other districts find it difficult, tedious, and expensive, to visit the Albert Hall, and are not likely to make the attempt, unless tempted by attractions far surpassing any to be found elsewhere. Concerts given in a central locality, like Covent Garden, for instance, are accessible from every part of a populous circle, but the Albert Hall is in the "Far West," outside the ordinary circle

of London amusement-seekers. From certain districts visitors may travel by rail to South Kensington, and avail themselves of the covered arcades hospitably opened by the Royal Horticultural Society. But, before they can reach the garden entrance, they must walk a considerable distance *al fresco*, with the risk of being soaked on wet nights, and an excellent chance of muddy feet on any night. Those who have made the experiment once are not likely to travel a second time by rail to the Albert Hall Concerts. If they resolve to journey thither by omnibus, they will find that the same brilliant idea has flashed through the brains of fifty fellow-citizens, and that the omnibus service is unequal to the occasion. Putting aside the carriage-folks, who are but slightly attracted by any but operatic performances—and the muscular Christians, who find an extra relish imparted to a concert by a preliminary walk of four or five miles—it is clear that the mass of mankind, who live outside the sacred regions of South Kensington, must make their pilgrimage thither by means of a cab, or other private vehicle; and, before they incur the expense of the journey, they will ask themselves whether *le jeu vaut la chandelle*. The majority will decide in the negative. The concerts are good, so far as the artists are concerned, but there is little to distinguish them from ordinary musical entertainments; and it cannot be denied that there is a great contrast between the actual performances and the magniloquence of the preliminary announcements. The opening concert was attractive, but its successors have in many cases fallen below the average of the usual run of concerts, and there has been no approach to that excellence of execution by which such undertakings as the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, and other similar institutions, are distinguished. In the preliminary announcements it was stated that the performances would be characterised by "a completeness and efficiency hitherto unattempted in this or any other country." The reverse has been the fact. The orchestral performances have been far from satisfactory; the stringed instruments being so deficient, both in quantity and quality, that the balance of power has been destroyed, and important orchestral works have been practically mutilated. The chorists have sung well, some good soloists are to be found in the orchestra, Dr. Stainer has occasionally rendered valuable service at the organ, and the conductors, MM. Barnby, Barnett, Randegger, Dannreuther, and W. H. Thomas, have been thoroughly efficient; but the weakness of the orchestra has been signally at variance with the pretensions announcements above referred to, announcements which were not justified by the composition of the orchestra, and were naturally provocative of comparisons which the Albert Hall Concerts can ill afford.

The concert arrangements have not, on the whole, been attractive. The "Ballad" Concerts on Mondays, and the "Popular" Concerts on Saturdays, have consisted of miscellaneous selections, in which "high art" has been prudently ignored. On the Thursday "Oratorio" nights, well-known hackneyed works have been presented, against which no objection can be taken. But at last Tuesday's "English" Concert, out of the eleven pieces which formed the programme, three were by foreign composers. English works in abundance were at hand, and there can be no excuse for a proceeding which made ridiculous the application of the title "English" to a programme of which a fourth part was by foreign writers. At the "Beethoven" Concert, on Wednesday, the programme consisted of but nine pieces, and (as on Tuesday) only two solo vocalists and two solo instrumentalists were engaged. At the "Wagner" Concert, on Friday, only one vocalist and one instrumentalist appeared! These arrangements may appear satisfactory from a purely æsthetic point of view; but, practically, the public are not likely to come "in their thousands" to the Albert Hall, to patronise concerts with attractions so meagre by comparison with many others.

The "Wagner" Concert, given last night, demands special remark. When it was announced that on every Friday, during a season of at least two months, a "Wagner" Concert would be given, a sensation was caused in musical circles. It was naturally expected that the "music of the future" would be copiously illustrated, and that new specimens of its prophetic powers would be presented for the judgment of critics and amateurs. Instead of this, the *soi-disant* "Wagner" Concert given last night consisted of six pieces by Berlioz, Liszt, Schumann, and Schubert, and only three by Wagner! Had these three selections been works hitherto unperformed in this country, some excuse might have been found; but they were the "Introduction to Act I," and Elsa's Dream," from *Lohengrin*; the "Introduction to Act III," of the same opera, and the "Huldigungs-Marsch"—pieces which have become stale from their constant repetition at every concert in which the followers of Wagner are concerned. In fact, these three pieces, with a few other selections from *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, and *Der Meistersänger*—about a dozen in all—constitute the scanty repertory which has been thus far placed before us by the disciples of Richard Wagner. Surely it is time that this repertory were amplified, if the means be at hand. The followers of Wagner, though few, are noisy; and they have contrived to attach a factitious interest to the name of their prophet by incessant clamour; but in continuing to withhold from critical judgment any but the hackneyed suite of pieces by which alone he is represented in this country, they suggest doubts as to the strength of their case, and bring discredit on the idol they profess to worship. At last Wednesday's "Beethoven Concert," the programme was all selected from Beethoven. If we are to have "Wagner" Concerts, let all the music be selected from Wagner. To call last night's concert a "Wagner" Concert is simply absurd. When Mr. Pickwick, at the hackney-coach stand, asks Sam Weller, "Why do they call those men watermen?" he receives the prompt reply, "Because they open the coach doors!" So, had any one asked, last night, "Why do they call this a Wagner Concert?" he might have been answered, "Because two-thirds of the music is by other composers!"

It is always more agreeable to bestow praise than censure, however justifiable; but censure, when merited, must not only be given as a duty to the public, but may be profitably received by those who are its objects. If the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts were to strengthen their vocal forces on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and abolish the so-called "Wagner" Concerts altogether, they would probably have cause to rejoice at the result.

#### COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

THE Covent Garden Concert season will be brought to a close on Saturday next, and the metropolitan lovers of music will lose a cheap and convenient source of enjoyment. There have been few changes in the programme during the past week; and in this respect the arrangements of the entire season have left much to desire. At the commencement of the season the band were rather rough, although composed for the most part of admirable materials. At that time, it would, perhaps, have been unwise to attempt the great orchestral masterpieces of classical composers; but in a very short time the *ensemble* became excellent, and had the band been allowed frequent opportunities of combining their strength in the execution of great orchestral works, they would long since have been competent to give fine performances of such compositions, and would have been a greater source of attraction. Occasionally an entire symphony or concerto has been given, but these occasions have been rare; and too often such works have been given in a mutilated form. This is a mistake, to which

attention was drawn, in these columns, some months back. It arises from mistrust of the public; whereas the public of the present day will abundantly support musical performances of a high order. True amateurs will stay away from concerts where fragments of great works are performed, and mere loungers are not attracted by these fragments, but the latter will patiently endure an entire symphony which will be a positive attraction to the former. Certain works, and fragments of works, have been too often repeated; and the programmes have not shown a power of utilising the fine orchestra to the fullest extent. It contains a large number of our best instrumentalists; and frequenters of the great Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts cannot fail to recognise in the Covent Garden orchestra a score, at least, of the picked players who are specially engaged to strengthen the Crystal Palace orchestra on Saturdays. With such resources, great things might have been effected, and the progress of art might have been more effectually aided. Still, "nothing succeeds like success!" and Messrs. Gatti may point with pardonable triumph to the enormous and unpreceented receipts of the season. They have fairly earned their success by the liberality which has distinguished their arrangements; notably in the engagement of so good a band. They have also this season been careful not to allow a number of incompetent tyros to weary the public, as in former seasons, but have engaged none but artists of established reputation. During the past week, the vocalists have been Madame Campobello-Sinico, Miss Rose Hersee, Madame Alvsleben, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Pearson; while instrumental solos have been played by Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Mr. Young (flute), Mr. Levy, the popular *cornet à pistons*, and other members of the orchestra. Herr Gungl has conducted a number of his popular dance tunes, the band of the Coldstream Guards have reinforced the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Fred Godfrey; and the choir have rendered good service. M. Hervé has shown great ability as a conductor, and has been assisted by Sir Julius Benedict, who conducted the "Mendelssohn Selection" on Wednesday night, and the "Benedict Selection," given, ostensibly for his benefit, on Thursday. The popularity of the concerts shows no sign of diminution, and there can be little doubt that the six concerts of the closing week will be largely attended.

MR. HAMILTON CLARKE, the late musical director of the Opéra Comique Theatre, has sent us a statement of the circumstances which led to his withdrawal from that establishment, and has appealed to us, as the "most important organ of the musical branch of the theatrical profession," to allow his vindication a place in our columns. His statement is, however, too long for publication; but, if it be correct, he has been hardly used. He states that, having been engaged as musical director by Miss Amy Sheridan, he met Mr. Burnand, the author of the new version of *Leion*, about to be produced at the Opéra Comique Theatre, under Miss Sheridan's management, and was informed by that gentleman that his "first duty must be to get together all the comic operas, opéra-bouffes, music-hall songs, Moore and Burgess's pieces, &c., likely to be suitable for his purpose, and bring them to Mr. Burnand, on the day he should appoint, in order that he might make selections." "The same night he sent me by post the words of the introduction, and *finale* of the first act, to which I was to compose original music. I at once made a rough sketch of these choruses, and a concerted piece; and a day or two afterwards took them to him. He was very much struck with both, and said they would be very effective; but by next morning he appears to have changed his mind; and in a letter, expressing this change of opinion, he hinted at a suspicion that this kind of music was "not in my line," and quoted Mr. John Boosey, who had told him that I was a "highly scientific musician." Mr. Clarke goes on to say that Mr. Burnand's mode of working made unnecessary work for his musical collaborator. "After giving me words to set to some music-hall song, or something of the kind, and after I had spent from 6 p.m. till 2 a.m. in arranging, scoring, and copying out parts for the principals, next morning a letter would come, with some fresh words, and an intimation that he had found something more suitable." Mr. Clarke states that on Friday, October 31, after an interview with Mr. Burnand—at which he learned that the work for the chorus in the first act must be ready for the stage by noon on the following Monday—he wrote during the remainder of the day, and for fourteen hours on the following day; that he played the two choruses to Mr. Burnand, who "said emphatically that they would do capitally!" The musical labour gone through by Mr. Clarke is thus summed up:—

"1st. I composed the opening and the *finale* of the first act, two long and elaborate choruses, and wrote out with my own hand nearly the whole of the chorus parts, that Mr. Burnand might have his music at rehearsals.

"2ndly. I rearranged nine pieces for principals and chorus, and wrote out the parts for principals as well as chorus, and, in the case of the principals, copied the pianoforte parts also.

"3rdly. I composed several pieces of melodramatic music, and scored them.

"4thly. I scored nearly the whole of the first act.

"5thly. I wrote over sixty chorus parts, besides several principals' parts.

"For all this labour and anxiety, and as compensation for loss of income, Miss Sheridan has offered me the munificent sum of £6 6s."

Mr. Clarke, having voluntarily resigned his appointment, to oblige Miss Sheridan, who was pressed by Mr. Burnand to appoint another musical director, has parted with any legal claims he may have had for compensation. The *gravamen* of his complaint is not, however, his pecuniary loss, but the manner in which he was induced to undergo an enormous amount of labour, under the impression that Mr. Burnand was satisfied and pleased with his musical work. Of course his statement is an *ex parte* one, and may be challenged by Mr. Burnand; but, if the facts be such as are alleged, it is to be regretted that Mr. Burnand should have allowed Mr. Clarke to proceed so far in his labours before he finally resolved to decline to collaborate with him. We know nothing of the music written for *Leion* by Mr. Clarke, or of the objections made to it by Mr. Burnand. It is, however, due to the first-named gentleman to say that he is not only, as Mr. John Boosey states, a "highly scientific musician," but is also able to write effective music of a popular kind. At the Covent Garden Concerts last year, his orchestral works were found attractive, and his original music to the last Opéra Comique ballet, *Les Prêtresses d'Amour*, was full of charming melody, enhanced by brilliant orchestration. Although his writings have usually been confined to the higher order of music, there can be little doubt of his ability to write burlesque music of a much more enjoyable kind than that to which we have been painfully inured; and he stands so deservedly high among our rising composers that we cannot deny him the opportunity of vindicating his reputation, under the circumstances to which he refers.

WITH a view, we presume, of providing a home for his regular company during the Shakespearean representations at the Gaiety, Mr. Hollingshead has taken the Holborn Amphitheatre, which is undergoing extensive alterations, especially in the enlargement and improvement of the stage.

*La Fille de Madame Angot* will be revived at the Gaiety on Monday next.





"WEST AUSTRALIAN."

## Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, November 19.

THERE is but little sporting news of any kind to chronicle this week. The Parisian *gentlemen riders*, as they style themselves, are industriously engaged, almost daily, in shooting pigeons in the Bois de Boulogne at the Cercle des Patineurs; there have been a few stag-hunts at Chantilly, one or two shooting parties in the environs of the capital, two or three capital runs after wild boar, the races at Bordeaux and Auteuil, and that is about all I have to note. I have omitted, I see, to mention the *diner* given to Lieutenant von Zubowitz, the Hungarian who rode from Vienna to Paris, at the Grand Hôtel, which created a little sensation at the time; as well as the fact that wolves are beginning to put in an appearance, as is customary at this period of the year, in various parts of France. The newspapers announce that the Duke of Chartres and several other French sporting men have gone to England on a visit to the Prince of Wales, but as my authority is a French newspaper—rather a doubtful one, you will say—I, of course, cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

At the last day of the Auteuil steeple-chases on Sunday, there was a very fair gathering of people indeed, considering that it was exceedingly cold, and that a fine rain was pouring down all the afternoon without intermission.

In the Prix de l'Administration des Haras, La Veine, who was backed at 2 to 1, won easily by four lengths, beating Paimpont second, and Niche, who fell at the wall, to the intense delight of the spectators, who think nothing of a day's steeple-chasing unless there are two or three falls. The prize was worth about £100. In the Prix de Sèvres, £80 only, three horses were entered, as in the former race; Sonnette and Boléro being favourites at 6 to 4. Lapidaire, however, ridden by Page, won easily by a length, Sonnette being second, and Boléro last, two lengths behind. The Grand Prix d'Automne was a handicap steeple-chase for £200, the second horse taking £40. Twelve horses had been entered for it, but only four of them came to the post. No Good, one of the favourites, at 2 to 1, beat Dominus by a head; Marin, the other favourite, coming in third, it being only the question of a neck between the last two. The Prix du Point du Jour was a hurdle-race for £60, and eleven horses took part in it; Nestor being the favourite at 4 to 5, and winning easily by three lengths; Enfant de Troupe was second, and Ajol third.

At Bordeaux, the Prix National was won by Manille; the Omnium by Tyrolienne first, and Solo second, after a dead heat. In the handicap, Jacotte was first, Angelus second, and Manille third, Pigeon carrying off the Prix des Haras.

The principal events of the week in the theatrical world over here have been the production of *Giroflé-Girofla*, which, after having been played in almost every capital in Europe, has at length been brought out in Paris; that of *Les Prés St.-Gervais* and *Les Parias*, and the revival of *Mireille*. So much has been said and written in England about the first of these pieces that it will be needless for me to comment on it. It will not, however, be out of place to mention that it was produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and that it is likely to prove as successful as an *opéra-bouffe* which comes to Paris after having been performed in Brussels, London, and elsewhere, can be expected to be. Parisians do not like having things second or third hand, and if they did

not go into ecstasies the other night over the verses in the first act,

"Père adoré,  
C'est Giroflé,"

or the charming duetto,

"Papa, ça n'a peut pas durer comm'ça!"

or the "Chanson de la jarretière," it was, perhaps, because they felt a little annoyed at *Giroflé-Girofla*, which is essentially a piece for a Parisian audience, being kept from them so long. The honours of the evening fell to Mlle. Granier, a *petite blonde fûtée*, gifted with or rather possessed of what the critics call a *voix fûtée*. She is a clever actress, and sings prettily, but she can hardly be called a musician, although in our country, where actresses of *opéra-bouffe*, and, in fact, of anything else, are at a premium, she would doubtless be a *primadonna*. She takes the part of 'Giroflé-Girofla,' and is well supported by Alphonsine, of the Palais Royal. The audience, as might be naturally expected on a night like this, was principally composed of the stars of the *demi-monde*, mixed up with the representatives of literature, art, and commerce. There were one or two actresses present, a few fashionable exquisites, the friends of "ces dames," and three or four ladies who would certainly have done better had they stayed at home.

The revival of Gounod's *Mireille* at the Opéra Comique, which was originally produced in Paris some ten years ago, was altogether unsatisfactory. First of all, the opera was never a success, nor anything resembling one. At the revival the scenic arrangements were very bad, and the patience of the audience was put to a most severe test; then, although the critics rave about Madame Carvalho and her execution of the air commencing "Trahir Vincent," we cannot help admitting to ourselves that she is very different to what she is painted by her friends. Madame Carvalho, although undoubtedly possessed of very considerable talent, is, and always was, an immensely overrated woman, and it is no use to deny that she is now but a shadow of her former self. The performance of the orchestra was exceedingly bad, and poor little Galli-Marié, the charming 'Mignon' in Ambrose Thomas's magnificent opera of the same name, for whom, by the bye, the musical critics have hardly a kind word, was the sufferer. Indeed, in some parts the music completely drowned her voice.

*Les Parias* is the title of an opera in three acts, libretto by M. Hippolyte Lucas, music by M. Edmond Membrée, which has been brought out at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Populaire. The scene is laid in India. Maya, the heroine, is seen in the opening act praying at her mother's tomb, on which an invisible hand is in the habit of placing flowers every day. Her husband dies, and she, in accordance with the law, has to be burnt alive on his funeral pile the following day. She prays for help at her mother's tomb, and the individual who was in the habit of bestrewn it with flowers, and who is passionately in love with her, suddenly shows himself, and offers to hide her; but he belongs to an accursed race, and she firmly declines to accept his proposal, notwithstanding that she is sorely tempted to accept it. As a matter of course, the lover stabs himself, but he is discovered by a missionary and restored to health. Eventually the missionary and the lover both try to save the girl, but they only succeed in getting burnt along with her. The libretto is absurd, but then, librettos generally are. The music, however, is fairly good; and, although it can hardly be called a great success, I have no doubt

that portions of it will become popular at concerts, and in the salons of the *beau monde* during the forthcoming winter. I wish particularly to call attention to an Indian song, in which the clarinet and the hautbois alternately respond to the singer. There is also a pretty ballad, commencing, "Adieu, mère adorée," and the tenor's song, "Nous sommes d'une race impie," both of which are capital. The music, however, of "Faut-il que la flamme dévore?" the duo in the first act, is hardly suited to the subject. The opera is tolerably well interpreted by provincial singers totally unknown to fame in the Parisian capital.

I have kept the *bonne bouche* for the end. There is no reason for disguising the fact, and, indeed, if there were, the attempt would only prove unsuccessful, that everything has been eclipsed by *Les Prés St.-Gervais*, which was brought out last Saturday at the Théâtre des Variétés. The success of *Madame l'Archiduc* and the *Tour du Monde en 80 Jours* is nothing in comparison to that of *Leococq's* last production. Ten or twelve years ago *Les Prés St.-Gervais* was produced as a comedy at the Théâtre Déjazet, on the Boulevard du Temple, and in it Déjazet, although already advanced in age, obtained a success equal to any of her previous triumphs, as the 'Prince de Conti,' the hero of the play. I suppose most of my readers are aware that the 'Prince de Conti' in *Les Prés St.-Gervais* was one of those impudent scapegraces whom Déjazet always personified so exquisitely. He was like that very young and very naughty, but still very fascinating, 'Richelieu' in *Les Premiers Armes de Richelieu*, who, married to a lady some years older than himself at the age of fifteen, and separated from her a few minutes after the ceremony on account of his youth, took his revenge by making the capital ring with the stories of his drunken brawls and *affaires de cœur*. He was like a younger Lauzun or a Létorière. Flinging his books and collegian's cap "par dessus le moulin, il prenait la chef des champs," as the French say (not: "he took the key of the fields," as an Englishman once translated it), and commencing life *incognito* with a sweetheart on his arm, he almost finished it in a duel with Sergent-Larose. His barefaced impertinence, mingled with his *gentil* manners, which were, of course, admirably depicted by Déjazet, made the part a favourite with the ladies, and Déjazet in a boy's part, showing off her splendid figure to the utmost advantage, was enough of itself to enslave the male portion of the audience among her admirers. The days when Déjazet delighted the Parisians have gone by, and *Les Prés St.-Gervais* as a comedy has given place to *Les Prés St.-Gervais* as an *opéra-comique*. The old play has been pulled about, another act has been added to it, the songs have been altered or rewritten, and set to entirely new music. The part of the 'Prince' is played by Madame Peschard; Paola Marié plays the *bouquetière* 'Fiquette,' and Dupuis, the 'Fritz' of the *Grande Duchesse*, and a host of other things, takes charge of 'Sergent Larose,' the minor parts being equally well distributed. I learn that the opera is to be produced in a very few days in London, at the Criterion Theatre. Judging from the enthusiasm with which it was received on the first night over here, it can hardly be a failure in England. The English version, however, I have not the slightest doubt, will be, like English versions of every other French play or opera, as little like the original, as far as acting and good writing are concerned, as it possibly can be. I hear the name of Madame Rita is associated with the English version. Now, although Madame Rita may have a very good voice and be a capital musician, it would be positively ludi-





SCENE FROM "SWEETHEARTS" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

crous to attempt to disguise the fact that she is no actress; and to play opéra comique, it is necessary that good singing and good acting should be combined in both actors and actresses. You might search England through, you might take your pick out of every theatre in the country, and you would never meet with a Peschard for the part of the 'Prince,' or a mezzosoprano like Paola Marié for 'Friquette,' or a Dupuis for the 'Sergeant.' The verses, too, in the French version, are exquisite. Although the following song, sung by Friquette to the Prince, who has been too forward, is rather long, I have been tempted to transcribe it, because I believe that in the present enlightened age most of my readers will understand it, and those who do will, I am sure, feel grateful to me for having procured them the pleasure of perusing such a delicious ballad in its original form.

"Vous qui savez si bien les choses,  
Sachez-vous aussi que les roses  
Piquent parfois  
Le bout des doigts!  
Permettez-moi de vous apprendre,  
Beau savant, ce point important:  
C'est qu'une fleur peut se défendre  
Et châtier cruellement,  
Un imprudent.  
Voilà malgré votre importance  
Ce que vous apprend  
Respectueusement  
La grisette sans conséquence!  
Il est bien un autre mystère,  
Je voudrais en vain vous le taire  
A vous surtout  
Qui savez tout!  
Je vous dirai pour être bonne  
Et si vous êtes bien discret,  
C'est qu'une femme ne se donne  
Que lorsqu'on plaît, quand on lui plaît,  
Comme il lui plaît!  
Voilà, malgré votre importance,  
Ce que vous apprend  
Respectueusement  
La grisette sans conséquence!"

**HORSES FOR INDIA.**—We learn from Newmarket that Nectar (3 yrs.), Pat (3 yrs.), and Cracker (aged) have been sold, and that their destination is India. Nectar's first performance was as a two-year-old, Mr. C. Alexander having matched him against Admiral Rous's Adeline at 3 lbs. over the last half of the Ditch Mile, when guineas to pounds were betted on the latter, who, however, was beaten by three lengths. This year he won a selling race, Minette, who was giving him 12 lbs. and the sex allowance, running second. His only opponent in the Harpenden Handicap was Miss Orton, and, with 5 to 2 laid on him, he won by six lengths. Before he won the Suffolk Stakes in the Newmarket July, Mr. Alexander sold him to Capt. Davison for 400 guineas, but with the proviso that he was not to be delivered till after the race. Pat, who was originally in Alec Taylor's stable, ran first as a two-year-old in Mr. Payne's colours, when he finished a bad third for the Glasgow Stakes in the Houghton Meeting. After winning the Beaufort Stakes in the July Meeting, he was backed very freely for the Goodwood Stakes, but he did not run, Petition having carried the stable money. Cracker, by Thunderbolt out of Miss Hinda, who was once in Capt. Machell's stable, is now seven years old, and has never won a race. He ran five times last year, since which he has done nothing but eat his corn.

### THE SOLDENE COMPANY IN AMERICA.

THE English Opéra-Bouffe Troupe, with Miss Emily Soldene at its head, has appeared, and been kindly if not very warmly, received. To such persons as desire to see the creations of Offenbach presented without the indecency, but also without the dash, spirit, and flavour, which the French have imported into them, the form of entertainment now provided at the Lyceum will be specially attractive. Respectable heads of families can now take their virtuous wives and innocent children, without any fear of having their sense of propriety shocked, to see opéra-bouffe. The said respectable heads of families, who no doubt have witnessed the Aimée performances, will also have a good opportunity of taking a quiet nap while their families gaze with open-mouthed astonishment at the gorgeous dresses and pretty faces that flit to and fro on the stage before them.

We were prepared to give Miss Soldene and her friends a very hearty reception if they succeeded in any degree in presenting Offenbach in a bright, cheery, and sparkling manner, untainted with the perfumed and dainty immorality which the French consider part and parcel of the whole affair. While we can congratulate Miss Soldene on her individual efforts, and the management on the magnificence and care with which the piece was mounted, we must confess to a feeling of disappointment with regard to the other members of the company. They seemed to us to be either incompetent or "played out." Considerable allowance, we are ready to admit, must be made for people who have been transported across the ocean and brought up suddenly before a New York audience, when they had probably never before left London fifteen miles behind them. Still, with every disposition to be kind, we do not think these English opéra-bouffe artists will take the town by storm. They are wanting in those animal spirits and in that fine sense of fun which made Aimée, Gandon, Kid, Debeer, Dubouchet, and Duplan so irresistible. Pretty faces and handsome figures there are among them enough, but not a voice worth calling such. With scarcely an exception, the male members of the company are decidedly not up to the mark; had they been, the representation would have taken a much stronger hold upon public favour. As it is, having nothing, like the ladies, to offer in the way of personal attractions, they constituted a dead weight which the most strenuous exertions on the part of Miss Soldene failed to galvanise into anything like life.

An effort had been made to introduce some local hits—in fact, to gag the play with reference to popular events. As the work was badly and inefficiently done, and as, moreover, the performers, being ignorant of such humour as there was in what they said, failed to deliver the points with that unctious which is half the battle in saying a good thing, the attempt fell flat upon an audience almost every individual of which has been bored to death long since by references to the Beecher-Tilton affair and such like.

Of the artists, Miss Soldene deserves commendation. Her acting is intelligent, spirited, and graceful. We cannot speak in terms of any warmth about her singing. Her style is undoubtedly fair, but her voice is scarcely of that quality which will prove attractive here. It lacks strength and compass. None of the other ladies call for special remark.

Mr. J. B. Rae, as the 'Burgomaster,' was fairly, though not overpoweringly, humorous. Mr. John Wallace, as 'Corecorico,' the Duke of Brabant, played as if he were taking a part in a five-

act tragedy; while Mr. Lewens, as 'Golo,' appeared satisfied to look his part without playing it at all. Messrs. Marshall and Beverley, as the two gendarmes, managed to get up a little fun, and were heartily applauded in consequence.

The performance passed off quite smoothly, and if we can prophesy for it no very wonderful success, still we think there is such merit in it as will at any rate prevent it from being a failure.—*Arcadian*.

### MR. TOOLE AT THE PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL.

ON Friday last Mr. J. L. Toole, accompanied by the English members of his company, visited the Insane Department of the Philadelphia Hospital, and very generously gave an entertainment for the benefit of the inmates. A temporary stage was erected in the "ball-room," and here Mr. Toole gave *Off the Line* to a select audience of lunatics. Mr. Toole's sensations in facing such an audience were, to use his own words, "somewhat queer." There were old women with white hair and strange, ghostly faces, idiot children, and fierce-looking men, one of whom, a noted character, named Burke, who, it is said, has killed three men since he became insane, sat on one of the front benches, heavily ironed. One poor old fellow, who imagined himself to be the Pope, was bedizened with flowers and ribbons, and wore a tiara of pasteboard. Another middle-aged gentleman, who wears an iron-grey curl on his forehead *à la* Disraeli, and who is strangely like that gentleman in face and figure, labours under the delusion that he is Adrienne Lecouvreur, and on the occasion of Mr. Toole's visit was arrayed in a white tarlatan dress embroidered in red and blue flowers, and cut *décolleté*, silk stockings, sash, and kid slippers.

Notwithstanding the motley character of his audience, however, Mr. Toole managed to retain his self-possession, although his equanimity must have been sorely tried by the discordant shouts that burst from the assemblage at the most inopportune moments. During some of the most pathetic passages the audience was seized with fits of laughter, and in the humorous situations some of the lunatics, appreciating the state of affairs, indulged in discordant shouts, expressive of approbation, while others clapped their hands and stamped on the floor with an energy and vivacity which somewhat alarmed the performers. The enthusiasm culminated, however, when 'Harry Coke' and his wife began to throw the crockery and furniture about. This part of the performance seemed to find favour with all classes of the audience, and, indeed, roused the most excitable of the lunatics into a sort of hysteria, one portly old lady who sat near me being utterly unable to control herself.—*Arcadian*.

**ROBIN.**—This two-year-old, after winning the opening race at Shrewsbury, was bought in for 390 guineas, his entered price being 300 sovs.

**MARK OVER.**—This filly was bought in for 250 guineas on winning the Enville Nursery on Tuesday, the conditional selling price being 100 sovs.

**STUD NEWS.**—A gentleman living in Suffolk, a member of the Jockey Club, has presented to Mr. Pishey Snaith, of Boston, a very beautiful horse, which is to be put to the stud next season.—*Lincoln Mercury*.

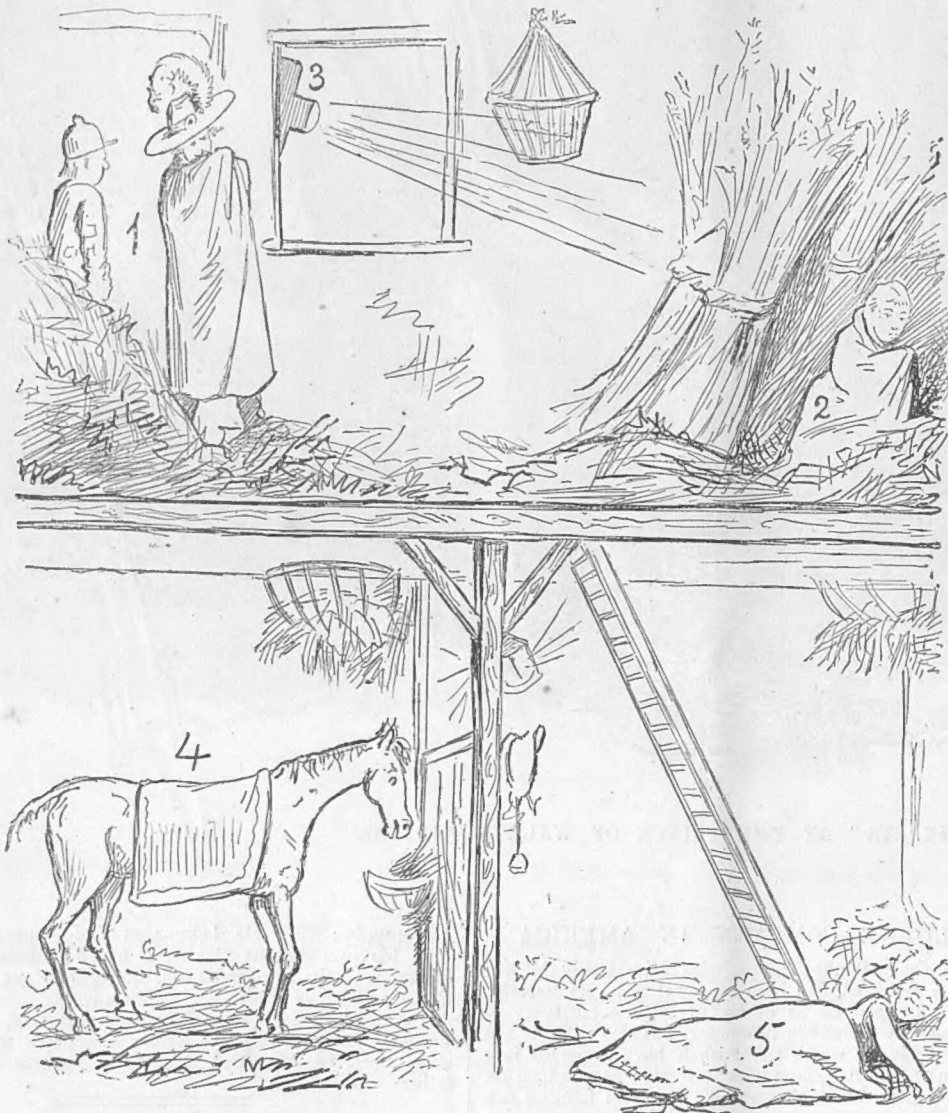




## Our Captious Critic.

Now at last have I seen a play. Ay, marry, a genuine romantic drama, with a Royal Personage for its hero, and for its heroine a fair young Commoner. But a moral play withal. For the Second Charles, like another potent monarch, i' faith, was by no means so bad as he is painted. Gad's life, Madam, an' we get authors and managers like those at the Royal Theatre over against Brownlow Street, in the Holborn, we may yet hope for the play-house. Odds cab-horses and second-hand properties! the old days have been revived with all the old circumstance. The populace much excited now fills every part of the house. The gallants smile from the boxes, and lovely women appear there without masks, while the groundlings are packed more tightly than are herrings on their voyage from the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland. Therefore it is impossible for thee, till this vast excitement hath somewhat abated, to see the play. Meantime, I am determined that thou shalt have some description of it.

THIS IS A SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF "NEWMARKET."



1. These are two bloodthirsty villains, who came to poison the mare that appeared in this scene of the play of *Newmarket*.
2. This is a maiden fair who was opportunely concealed in the loft, and frustrated the wicked designs of the two bloodthirsty villains who came to poison the mare that appeared in this scene of the play of *Newmarket*.
3. This is the moon that shone so bright as to utterly obscure the maiden fair who was opportunely concealed in the loft, and frustrated the wicked designs of the two bloodthirsty villains who came to poison the mare that appeared in this scene of the play of *Newmarket*.
4. This is the cab-horse that, infinitely preferring the rest and quiet of a stage stable to the noise and worry of the London streets, accepted the part of "the mare," and calmly masticated real oats, while the brightness of the moon utterly obscured the maiden fair who was opportunely concealed in the loft, and frustrated the wicked designs of the two bloodthirsty villains who came to poison the mare that appeared in this scene of the play of *Newmarket*.
5. This is "Featherweight," the king's favourite jockey, who, according to the custom of those times (I suppose), had to clean his own harness and sleep on the stable floor notwithstanding that on the morrow he would have to ride the cab-horse that, infinitely preferring the rest and quiet of a stage stable to the noise and worry of the London streets, accepted the part of "the mare," and calmly masticated real oats, while the brightness of the moon utterly obscured the maiden fair who was opportunely concealed in the loft, and frustrated the wicked designs of the two bloodthirsty villains who came to poison the mare that appeared in this scene of the play of *Newmarket*.
6. N.B.—This is Miss Carlotta Addison, whom every right-minded playgoer will be sorry to see in such a part as the heroine of the play of *Newmarket*.
7. This is the British public anxiously awaiting the opening of the doors of the Holborn Theatre, in order to witness the play of *Newmarket*.

I have a high opinion of the abilities of Mr. Odell. As an illustrator of opéra-bouffe, he has few rivals on the London stage. Consequently, when Mr. Odell announced a benefit, I purchased a numbered seat. The performance came off at the Globe Theatre on Saturday last. When I arrived at the house, I discovered to my great annoyance that my seat had been disposed of. Everybody was there, and in the corridors I met at least a dozen disconsolate friends who had been similarly treated. I object on principle to any resale of seats. At the same time I am willing to treat benefits as exceptional events. If Mr. Odell reaped the benefit of the resale, I would be the last man in the world to say a word

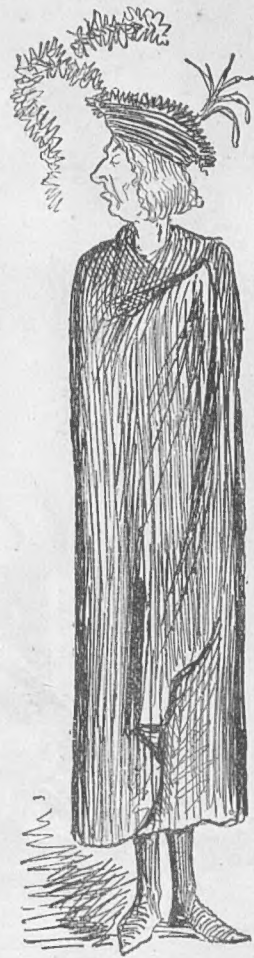
about it. If Mr. Odell did not, I may remark with emphasis that I consider it a very great hardship to have been obliged to stand in an awkward part of the gallery from which I could see but little of the performance. I only want to know. The last occasion on which a numbered seat of mine was sold was at the St. James's Theatre. That establishment was then under the management of Mr. Fairlie, the same person, I understand, who now rules at the Globe.

Mr. Odell's imitation of Mr. Irving's 'Hamlet' was, as far as I could see, very amusing. The make-up was precisely similar to that nightly witnessed at the Lyceum; while the exaggerated



burlesque of gait and voice was distressingly funny. Just when people were discussing the merits and demerits of the performance, a notice appeared in the daily papers announcing that on Wednesday next the travestie of *Hamlet* would, owing to "its enthusiastic reception," take the place of *Vert-Vert* on the bills. I determined to embrace the opportunity thus afforded of seeing Mr. Odell's performance under more favourable circumstances. To-day, however, I am informed that Mr. Odell is not to appear. If Mr. Odell be not cast for the part then I denounce the notice

as misleading. The "enthusiastic reception" was not accorded to Poole's travestie. The "enthusiastic reception" was accorded to Mr. Odell's acting of the 'Prince.' The manager of the Globe has a perfect right to put on Poole's play. It is not a question of right; it is a question of good taste and professional etiquette. Mr. Odell's bills—paid for with Mr. Odell's money—still adhere to the hoardings. Any curiosity that may have been excited in the revival of a forgotten production was aroused by him. I regard the whole affair as a practice happily rare among managers. But why is it necessary to take off *Vert-Vert*? Does Mr. Fairlie wish us to disbelieve his own printed statements alleging the continued success of that renowned opéra-bouffe? Or is it usual for managers to take off pieces that enjoy a continued popu-



MR. ODELL AS 'HAMLET.'

larity? I do not for a moment suppose that it is removed because Mr. Fairlie is the plaintiff in a number of actions pending between himself and certain newspapers that published adverse criticisms on the work. I do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Fairlie is afraid that jurymen trying the cases—supposing the causes to last for more than one day—might be tempted to proceed at night from Westminster to the Strand and judge for themselves. For some satisfactory reason, however, the "continued success" of *Vert-Vert* is to be interrupted, and a stupid old burlesque of *Hamlet* substituted, because it met with an "enthusiastic reception" at a morning performance. Mr. Fairlie may be a very good manager, but he must be an extremely indifferent logician.

MR. SANTLEY, we are glad to be able to announce, is engaged to Mr. Carl Rosa for his next season of English opera.

SIGNOR ARDITI left London a few days since, to fulfil an important engagement as conductor of a grand operatic tour in Austria, Prussia, Holland, and Belgium.

MR. LEVY last Saturday performed a solo on a new instrument, called the Antoniphone, invented by M. Courtois, of Paris. This instrument is a modification of the *cornet à pistons*, played in the same manner. The tone is richer than that of the *cornet à pistons*, but by no means so bright or pleasing.

MADAME PAULINE RITA, whose portrait was given in our last number, will play the principal rôle in Lecocq's new opera, *Les Prés St-Gervais*, which is announced for first performance in English on Saturday next at the Criterion Theatre. Madame Rita is at present in Paris, studying the opera with M. Lecocq, who will write some music specially for her.

We cannot say that we have ever been particular friends of the co-operative system as generally carried out, and on certain occasions we have spoken our minds pretty freely with reference to this company and the other which may have chosen to puff its wares under the guise of that convenient word, "co-operation." Acting from this perhaps prejudiced point of view, we unfortunately, in our issue of March 14 last, committed ourselves to certain statements in reference to the wines of the London Co-operative Wine Association, calculated to detract from their merits in the eyes of the public, and which we have since found to be incorrect. If there is one thing, however, which we esteem more in others, and therefore endeavour more strictly to adopt as a maxim of our own, it is, next to speaking out boldly when occasion demands, to make a frank recantation when our opinions are found to be erroneous. We have lately had the pleasure of tasting the wines of the London Co-operative Wine Association, at 446, Strand, and for once in our lives are compelled to acknowledge (judging by the results before us) the irresistible force of co-operation. The prospectus of the Association is sufficiently flattering in itself to induce a large accession of members, independently of the

"Good wine which needs no bush,"

with regard to which the managing director, Mr. Gee, who was formerly a partner in the house whose business the Association has acquired, makes himself wholly responsible, and we are bound to confess with considerable success. The London Co-operative Wine Association appears to have taken the best and most effectual means of bringing its name, and the aims of the institution, prominently before the public, nor do we think that the public will be disappointed in the fruition of the expectations which the statements held forth to them may have raised. There are some special features in its wine list which the ordinary private consumer will do well to study, and for economy, combined with excellence generally, we cannot, in justice to the Association, who might reasonably complain of the injury our former remarks might have done them, do better than recommend it to the favourable notice of our readers.



## Provincial.

**BRIGHTON.**—THEATRE ROYAL.—In consequence of the crowded condition of the house on Saturday night, a large portion of the pit was added to the stalls to accommodate the occupants of reserved seats, and every other part of the interior of the edifice presented a crush not often witnessed except on boxing-night inside Mr. Chart's commodious Thespian temple. Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* preceded Tom Dibden's evergreen *Waterman*, in which Mr. Sims Reeves gave his unique and excellent personation of the love-stricken sculler 'Tom Tug,' singing the incidental ballads admirably, and in more than one instance being compelled to respond with repetitions to the unanimous encore that merged through the auditory ere they would be pacified. Mlle. Florence Lancia made a charming 'Wilhelmina,' and was encored heartily for the *naïve* with which she rendered 'Cherry Ripe.' Mr. Nye Chart as the ridiculous 'Robin' was obliged to repeat 'Cherries and Plums' to delight the gods; while the genial humour that he threw into the rôle was well suited to contrast with the peerless tenor that graced the stage. Mr. Hargraves was sufficiently successful as 'Old Bundle,' and Mrs. Charles Jones excited uproarious merriment as his virago of a spouse. Mr. Samuel Phelps commenced a week's stay on Monday, and those who have seen his wonderful embodiment of 'the man of the world,' 'Sir Pertinax,' were more than delighted with his life-like picture of the generous-hearted and bluff 'Job Thornbury' in George Coleman's fine old five-act comedy, *John Bull*, equally natural in his clever interpretation of 'Sir Peter Teazle.' Miss Alice Finch evidenced the possession of much natural histrionic talent as the loving 'Mary.' Throughout she was quite unconventional, and in no character has Miss Finch shone to so much advantage as in this. Mr. Hector Mackenzie made a realistic 'Perigrine.' Mr. Hargraves was the merciless country baronet, Mr. Philip Day the fast 'Tom Shuffleton.' Mr. F. H. Watson made an amusing 'Dennis'; Mr. Julian Cross carefully represented the true spirited 'John Bur'; Mr. G. Leitch was the ludicrous 'Dan'; Mrs. Jones the irate hostess of the Red Cow; Mr. Manning 'Frank Rochdale'; Miss Augusta Stuart, 'Lady Carolina Braymore'; and Mr. Tom F. Nye made prominent the minor part of 'Pennyman.' Mrs. Nye Chart in Sheridan's sparkling piece personated the dashing 'Lady Teazle' in a refined and natural manner, obtaining the ready plaudits of those that admired such legitimate acting as both she and Mr. Phelps presented. Miss Le There was the loquacious 'Mrs. Candour,' and the worthy proprietor the tattling 'Sir Benjamin.' The after-piece has been the *Boarding School*.

**GRAND CONCERT HALL.**—Crowded and appreciative audiences continue to express enthusiastically their great admiration of the magnificent pictures of Transatlantic scenery exhibited in Hamilton's gigantic panorama, which is jocularly explained by Mr. Clavering Power, who is also a good tenor vocalist. The entertainment is interspersed with the grotesque delineations of Yankee life given by Mr. Leigh Cole. Miss Fitz-Eustace contributes several capital contralto and serio-comic ditties, and Mr. Charles Haywood's fine voice is heard to perfection in many a quaint old English ballad, rendered in excellent taste. Collectively, "Across the Atlantic" is well worthy of Mr. William Tellin's renown, and it has become one of the leading features of interest in Brighton.

**EDINBURGH.**—THEATRE ROYAL (lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—We had a performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Saturday evening, when Mlle. Titiens' acting in her greatest character was superb. Madame Trebelli-Bettini is generally admitted to be the best 'Maffeo Orsini' on the stage, and to have been surpassed by no former representative of the part, except Mlle. Albani; and her performance was hardly less of a treat than that of Mlle. Titiens. The 'Gennaro' was Signor Campanini, who sang and acted admirably throughout, especially in 'Di Pescatore,' which was brilliantly rendered; and Signor Agnesi's part of the 'Duca' was taken at short notice by Herr Behrens, who was grand and impressive, especially in the trio 'Qualunque sia l'esito.' *Il Talismano* was repeated on Monday evening, and the operas selected for Tuesday and Wednesday were *Faust* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the latter for Mlle. Titiens benefit. On Thursday night Mr. Talbot began a nine nights' engagement, appearing as 'Hamlet.'

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE** (lessee, Mr. A. D. McNeill).—*Rob Roy* has been the attraction during the week at the south-side theatre, with Mr. T. Percival in the title rôle. With a commanding figure, and a fair acquaintance with the *patois* peculiar to the part, Mr. Percival acted in a creditable manner, while Mr. McNeill's impersonation of the 'Baillie' was decidedly successful. Miss Marie Glynn gave a spirited rendering of the character of 'Helen Macgregor,' which is more than can be said of the 'Dougal,' as represented by Mr. Holmes, whose Scotch is of the most violent description. The other members of the company, especially Mr. Lerrone, Mr. Hardman, and Mr. Rignold, acquitted themselves more or less satisfactorily.

**OPERETTA HOUSE.** (lessee, Mr. C. Bernard).—Mr. Flockton's company has been succeeded by a company organised by Mr. Davis, for the performance of a new comedy-drama which he has "adapted from the French," entitled *The Power of the Heart*. Mr. E. D. Davis achieved a well-merited and genuine success in the interesting part of 'Adam Boncour,' while Mr. Manfree was decidedly humorous as 'Nicolas Christophe.' Mr. H. Gray proved a gentlemanly and self-possessed 'De Pontis,' and Mr. Charles was adequate to the requirements of 'Alfred Duverne.' Mr. McCabe, as 'Edouard,' did what he had to do with excellent effect, while Misses Balfe and Travers as 'Ethel' and 'Zoe,' acted with care and discretion in rôles which were somewhat beyond their reach.

MR. RIGHTON joins the Gaiety company next month.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL go to the St. James's Theatre at Christmas.

A MORNING performance of *The Black Prince* will take place at the St. James's Theatre next Saturday.

THE Criterion Theatre reopens next Saturday with an English version of Lecocq's new opéra-bouffe, *Les Prés Saint-Gervais*; the sole right of representing which in this country has been purchased by Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL, the clever and obliging acting manager of the Covent Garden Concerts, will have a benefit on Monday week. A number of eminent artists will assist, and those who secure seats beforehand may be sure of a specially attractive musical banquet.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE announces his annual benefit at the Olympic for Thursday evening next, when he will, for the first time in London, sustain the part of 'Ruy Gomez' in *Faint Heart Never Won Lady*, which will be represented in addition to the successful drama of *The Two Orphans*.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZEAUD has had a succession of triumphs at St. Petersburg. The St. Petersburg journals speak in rapturous terms of her 'Margarite,' in Gounod's *Faust*, and even more highly of her 'Valentine,' in *Les Huguenots*. It is not certain whether she will appear next season at Drury Lane.

GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Helen Faucit (Mrs. Theodore Martin) will appear as 'Beatrice' in Shakspeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* on Saturday afternoon, December 12, at the Haymarket Theatre (freely placed at the service of the committee by Mr. Buckstone), in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. The cast of the comedy will include also many of the leading artists of the day.

Mlle. BENATI, who was a prominent attraction at the earlier portion of the Covent Garden Concert season, has made a great success at the Italian opera, Bucharest. The *Journal de Bucharest* says:—"Mlle. Benati played and sang the rôle of 'Violetta' (*La Traviata*) with infinite charm. Every day she makes further progress, and this season she exhibits far higher qualities than last year, although she then achieved some remarkable triumphs. The public welcomed her with the warmth inspired by her genuine talent; she was enthusiastically applauded, and several times recalled."

## Athletic Sports.

THE Freshmen's Sports have taken place both at Oxford and Cambridge; but no very remarkable performance has been accomplished at either University. At the former four or five men finished close together in the final heat of the 100 Yards, so we may safely conclude that all are moderate. A. Goodwyn, Jesus, won the Mile easily in 4 min. 47½ sec., and may therefore turn out a good man at this distance, for, as he also finished second in the Quarter-mile, he is evidently possessed of a fair turn of speed. M. G. Glazebrook, Balliol, has made a fine high jump of 5 ft. 7 in., and thus secured one of the extra prizes. At Cambridge, several men were close together in the final of a slow 100 Yards, and the most promising performer was A. B. Loder, Jesus, who had matters all his own way over hurdles.

The sports of the West London Rowing Club will take place at Lillie Bridge, this (Saturday) afternoon. We understand that the entries for the Quarter-mile Handicap, for which very handsome prizes will be given, are not so numerous as had been anticipated.

## Coursing.

THE Coquetdale Open Meeting proved the greatest attraction to coursing men last week, and was highly successful in every way. Dr. Richardson accepted the post of honorary secretary to the meeting some two or three seasons ago, and, under such experienced management, it is needless to say that all the arrangements were as nearly perfect as possible. The weather on each of the three days was beautifully fine, and hares proved very strong and plentiful. The Coquetdale Puppy Stakes obtained a splendid acceptance of 74, and to show the very sporting character of the subscribers, we may mention that the competitors included Apology, Miss Toto, Lily Agnes, Couronne de Fer, Hannah, Wheatear, and two named Rob Roy. In the first round, Ellen Johnson, who divided a good stake at the recent Bothal Meeting, ran exceedingly well; but in the first ties, Die Zauberröte, one of the favourites for the stake, was a little too good for her. Backers experienced a terrible blow in the course between Holland and Apology, as 3 to 1 was freely laid on the former. He had the pace from the slips, but, stumbling at a critical moment, Apology shot past and killed, and gained the verdict. In spite of the capital form afterwards shown by the latter, we fancy Holland will take his revenge should the pair ever meet again. The contest between Barbella and Die Zauberröte in the fourth ties excited great interest, and as the bitch had beaten nearly all her opponents pointlessly, odds of 6 to 4 were laid on her. The hare favouring her, she gained the first turn, but, coming round badly, the dog got placed, and scored several points. Then Barbella got in again, and, working very cleverly, appeared to be winning easily, but, tiring towards the finish of a very severe trial, she rushed wildly several times, and enabled Die Zauberröte to rub off the points against him, and score a clever victory. In this round Apology ran a bye, and when she met Die Zauberröte in the fifth ties, as much as 5 to 1 was laid against her. She was, however, much the fresher of the pair, showed quite as much pace as the dog, and, winding up with a smart kill, just managed to upset the "good thing" of the day. The first round of the All-aged Stakes, for which thirty-two came to the slips, was run on the second day of the meeting, the best form being shown by Beneficial, Border Belle, and Britain Yet. Oddly enough the two first-named were drawn in the third ties, Beneficial in favour of her kennel-companion, Britain Yet, and Border Belle because she was lame. This left Messenger to run the final course with Britain Yet, and as the hare never would have the latter, Messenger won easily, showing great force and working power combined. Two small stakes for beaten dogs were run off on the last day. Mr. Hedley's judging gave the greatest satisfaction to all, and though the ground was unusually trying, no fault could be found with Bodiman, who slipped in excellent style. We append results of the two great events:—

## THE COQUETDALE PUPPY STAKES.

MR. R. ARMSTRONG'S bd b *Apology*, by Wharfinger—Cestus, and Mr. Whitfield's w d *Tipton Green*, by Gilsland—Blenkinsopp Lass, divided.

## THE COQUETDALE CUP, FOR ALL AGES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. Peel's r d *Messenger*, by Waywarden—Jess, beat Mr. Bonner's bk b *Britain Yet*, by Willie Wylie—Bravery, and won.

MR. EVELYN BELLEW, son of the late Mr. J. M. Bellew, is about to make his appearance in the provinces as a reader.

MRS. HERMANN VEZIN has terminated her very successful provincial tour, which extended to eight months.

THE *matinées* at the Gaiety will be resumed next Saturday, when Lecocq's *Girofle-Girofla* will be performed by the company from the Philharmonic.

"JOLLY" NASH, the popular favourite of the music-halls, has met with an enthusiastic reception in New York, where he made his first appearance at the Theatre Comique on the 19th ultimo.

DR. LYNN has been compelled again to postpone the resumption of his entertainment until next Monday, in consequence of the alterations and decorations which the Egyptian Hall is undergoing not being completed.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Their Imperial Highnesses the Czarewitch and the Grand-duke Alexis, attended by their respective suites, honoured this theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand-duke Czarewitch and Grand-duke Alexis, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by their respective suites, honoured this theatre on Tuesday evening with their presence.

MRS. GERMAN REED and her compact company will shortly return to London, and resume their amusing entertainment at St. George's Hall, where their first novelty will be supplied by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett.

A COMPLIMENTARY benefit is to be given to Mr. William Morton, the manager of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, on Thursday next, when a testimonial is to be presented to him.

TO-NIGHT is fixed for the opening of the Opéra Comique, under the management of Miss Amy Sheridan, with Mr. Burnand's new opéra-bouffe extravaganza, *Ision Re-wheel'd*, founded on the same story as was his celebrated Royalty burlesque, *Ision*.

POOLE'S travesty of *Hamlet*, as revived last Saturday afternoon at Mr. Odell's benefit at the Globe, will be repeated Wednesday night in succession to *Vert-Vert*, and will continue in the programme of this house in conjunction with *East Lynne* and Mr. Soden's new farce, *A Trip to Brighton*.

THE dramatic performances at the Crystal Palace will be continued next week. On Tuesday *The Merchant of Venice* will be represented, with Mr. Creswick as 'Shylock,' Mr. C. Wyndham as 'Gratiano,' and Miss Genevieve Ward as 'Portia.' *The Lady of Lyons*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear, will be the next production, and subsequently *The Love Chase*, with Miss Fowler as 'Constance,' Mrs. Sterling as 'Widow Green,' and Mr. Charles Wyndham as 'Wildrake.'

AN American journal informs us that "Valentine W. Bromley, the English artist who has been sketching among the Indians of the Far West for the past four months, will very probably send a picture of Indian life to the New York Academy Exhibition."

MR. JOHN RUSSELL, who has so ably and satisfactorily fulfilled the arduous and responsible duties of acting manager of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre, announces his benefit for Monday week, the 30th instant, the last night of the season.

A NEW play, entitled *Moorcroft*, by Mr. B. C. Howard, the author of *Saratoga*, upon which Mr. Frank Marshall founded his comedy of *Brighton*, now successfully running at the Court Theatre, has been produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, with but moderate success.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH, who continues to meet with considerable success in her provincial tour, will, we understand, return to London with her company about Christmas, and appear at a leading Westend theatre, in her original character of 'Mercy Merrick,' in *The New Magdalen*.

MISS FAY, the American medium, who commenced a series of *séances* at the New Drawing Room adjoining Hengler's Cirque in Argyll Street, on Wednesday last week, has been compelled, through a return of her severe illness, to suspend the performance after the second evening.

MESSRS. SANGER'S Grand National Amphitheatre (late Astley's) opens to-night, with a combined dramatic and equestrian entertainment, commencing with the spectacular drama, *Turpin's Ride to York*; the great American actor, Mr. Washington Crowhurst, will make his first appearance in England as the hero. This will be followed by various equestrian and gymnastic feats in the circle, and conclude with the fairy spectacle of *Cinderella*.

MR. H. J. MONTAGUE has increased the favourable impression created by his first appearance in New York in *Partners for Life*, by the second part he has undertaken, that of 'Manuel, Marquis de Champrey' (sustained at the Haymarket here by Mr. Sothern), in *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*, which was revived at Wallack's Theatre on the 21st October, and in which another London favourite, Miss Ada Dias, made a very successful *début* there as 'Margarite.'

BLONDIN'S AMBITION.—The *Sydney Empire* says:—"Blondin has achieved a great deal, but he still has an ambition, which is to walk from the Pyramid of Cheops to that of Kephron. He would have gratified it on his outward voyage, but he made the passage at the wrong time; and had he done so, he would have had but a few tribes of wandering Arabs to witness the feat. He has, however, the plans and an estimate of the cost of stretching the rope, &c., which will be about £1800, and on his return he will essay the task."

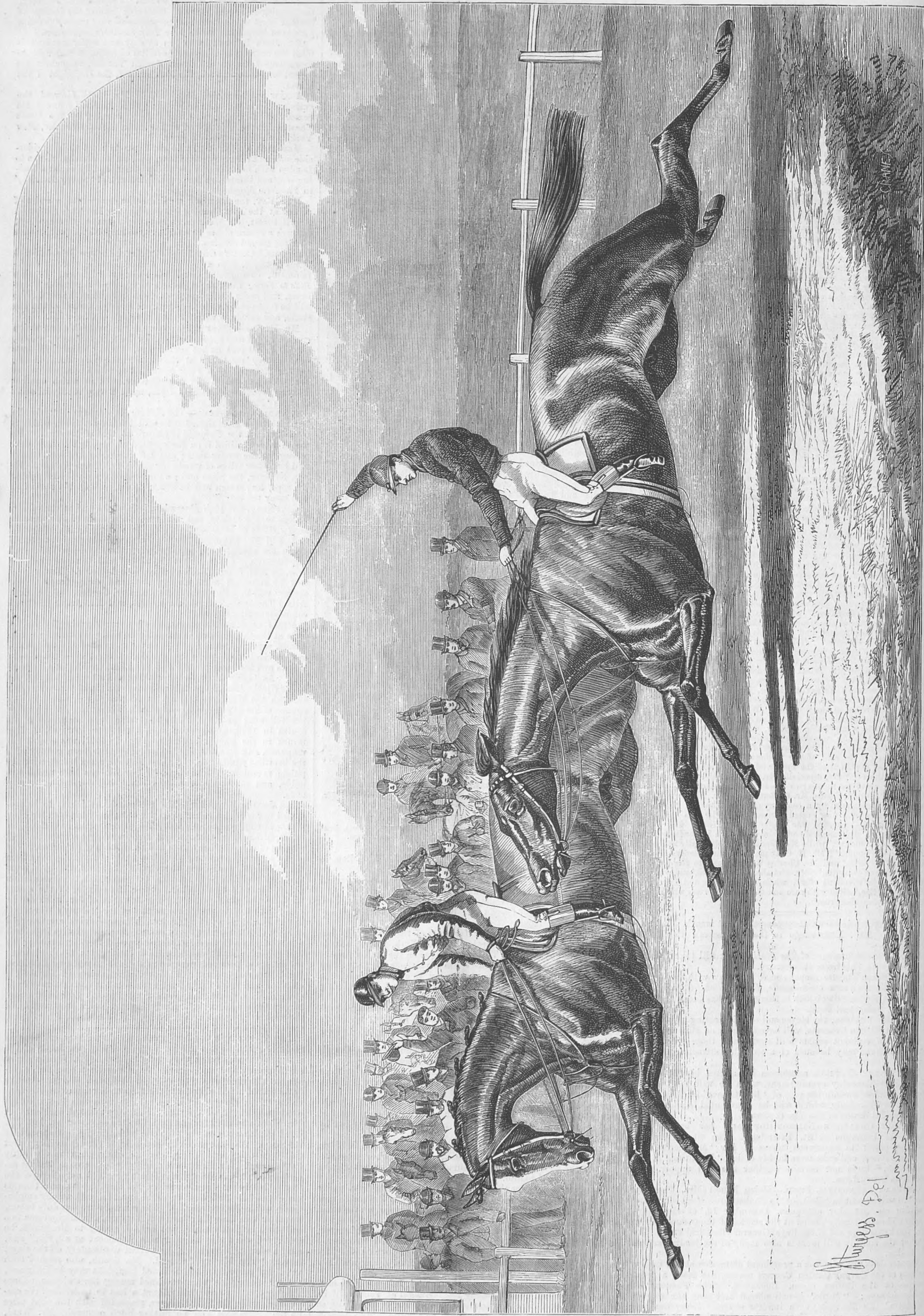
SATURDAY, the 19th December, is fixed for the return of Mr. Phelps to the Gaiety, and the production there of Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which he will appear as 'Falstaff,' and will be supported by an efficient company, most of whom are specially engaged, including Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Righton. The two "merry wives" will be represented, we hear, by Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Leclercq. The comedy will be mounted with unusual care and completeness. New scenery will be painted by Messrs. Grieve, Gordon, and Harford, Alfred Thompson designs the dresses, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan composes some new music.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, who is now performing for the last time at Booth's Theatre, is greeted with unusual cordiality. She stands, says an American paper, at the summit of her profession, and holds her eminence by the double right of extraordinary talents and the most painful and persistent training and cultivation. As 'Lady Macbeth' and 'Queen Catherine' she has no living equal. Her life has been an active one. In 1844 she travelled through the Northern States with Macready, and added to the success of his engagements, and won laurels on the English stage the following year. She left the stage in consequence of ill health in 1858, and resided abroad three or four years. Her return to the stage after her recovery, in 1871, was almost triumphant, and wherever she has acted, she has been greeted with the heartiest admiration. Respect for the woman blends with the public regard for the actress; for her life has been useful and noble, and her splendid talents have been devoted to worthy ends.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.—The testimonial which is to be presented to Sir Julius Benedict on the occasion of his 70th birthday is now in course of completion. The subscriptions have flowed in to Mr. Mitchell in a continuous and increasing stream from all patrons of art—brother artists and the friends of Sir Julius. The centre ornament is surmounted by a figure of Apollo (a copy from the celebrated antique in the British Museum), the base bears figures of Sappho and St. Cecilia, between which the presentation inscription will be engraved. Upon the column of the centre piece the names of all the important works of Sir Julius will be inscribed, from the early composition of the "Gipsy's Warning" to the last oratorio of *St. Peter*. The candelabra are designed *en suite* with the centre piece, and will be enriched with important alto-reliefs on the bases representing:—(1) Orpheus taming the wild animals; (2) Ulysses tempted by the Sirens; (3) Pan leading the dances of the wood nymphs; (4) Orpheus rescuing Eurydice. The design and execution of this remarkable service is exquisitely classical, and bears the highest witness to the *renaissance* of taste of which late years have given many proofs. Subscribers may inspect the models of Mr. Harry Barnett, and a great portion of the work at Messrs. Stephen Smith and Son's, 35, King Street, Covent Garden.

THE TENOR AND HIS ACCOMPANIST.—A military concert was recently given at the Albert Hall, Sheffield, the band of the Grenadier Guards being the chief attraction. Mr. Vernon Rigby also appeared and sang one or two favourite pieces, and experienced a reception (says the *Sheffield Independent*) demonstrative in its warmth. The first song set down for him was Blumen-thal's "The Message." In connection with this task occurred a very unpleasant, and, fortunately, a very unusual, incident. A Mr. Ward was officially announced as the accompanist, but Mr. G. H. Smith came on the platform with Mr. Rigby to preside at the piano. A commencement was made, but it was soon apparent that something was wrong, and an explanation was speedily forthcoming. Mr. Rigby was manifestly in fine voice, but the accompaniment was defective. The singer did not disguise the fact of his being disconcerted at the shortcoming, and towards the close of the first verse he could be seen gesticulating emphatically at the instrumentalist. The second verse was duly begun, but after two lines had been got through, Mr. Rigby came to a full stop, evidently much put out. Turning to Mr. Smith, he said: "I can't sing to your accompaniment at all, Sir," and, after a moment's hesitation, he walked deliberately off the stage, leaving "The Message" unsent. Mr. Smith, who seemed both vexed and surprised, soon followed him. As may be imagined, general commotion was occasioned among the audience, a large number of whom were evidently at a loss to understand the *contretemps*. Mr. Godfrey, however, proceeded with the next piece on the programme, and no further hitch occurred. Mr. Ward, it seems, was unavoidably prevented from attending, and Mr. Smith volunteered to take his place. Upon taking his seat at the piano, however, he found the lighting of the orchestra to be so defective as to prevent him from following his music copy.





THE MATCH BETWEEN "PRINCE CHARLIE" AND "PEUT-ÊTRE."



# Gioffè-Gioffla at the Philharmonic





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## THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1874.

If any further proof were required of the truth of the ancient saying, "Populus vult decipi," it might be readily supplied by the recent failures of attempts to dramatise the various phases of English sport. We all of us remember, not long since, the introduction of impossible University crews upon the stage, mixed up with all sorts of improbable characters in all kinds of improper places. To persons having no experience of aquatic matters in general, and the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in particular (a class of people not often met with in the present day), it might be made to appear that the University crews were composed of the dregs of College society, and the race itself of no higher character than the lowest form of aquatic encounters. *The Flying Scud*, a drama possessing novelty in a far greater degree than merit, took with the public for a short season, and was played nightly with some sort of applause to houses chiefly composed of the middle and lower classes of society. *Newmarket; or, A Tale of the Turf*, is now in possession of the Holborn boards; but we have not heard any good of it, and fear it must be classed in the long list of lamentable failures, which have so eventuated because the attempt has been made to pile extra sensation on episodes containing enough and to spare of that modern dramatic and novelistic requisite. The fact of its being removed from our own time back into the days of "Old Rowley" and his dissolute court is only convenient in so far as it affords excuses for the anachronisms abounding in the piece; and we take it that, were the action brought down to our own times, far more reality and interest might be produced; and that without any occasion to reopen sores long since closed by forgetfulness, and with no risk of injury to the feelings of those now forming Turf society, as we view it from the standpoint of public opinion.

There is a vast family likeness recognisable between all the sporting novels and dramas annually inflicted on us, leaving, of course, Whyte Melville's delightful stories out of the question. No dramatist has as yet arisen of the calibre of the author of "Uncle John," and each successive playwright seizes in the most unceremonious manner upon incidents considered to be common to all painters of Turf life and manners. We only see the worst aspect of things, and a rank tone of infamy pervades the whole stage story, as if it were the leading characteristic of a sport which every paltry purist and heated bigot thinks it his duty to bespatter with mud, some of which is, of course, sure to stick. We have the same old tight-trousered clean-shaven villain of the piece; the soft young pigeon mildly rendering up his feathers to the kites which surround him; the seedy nobbler, moving about like Guy Faux with his dark lantern and little hammer; the trainer's daughter, who descends happily like a *Deus ex machina* into the hay rack from the loft above just as the deed of darkness has been commenced; and the "chorus" of supernumeraries trained to represent book-makers, stable-boys, and the general frequenters of race-courses. Virtue, of course, is its own reward, and the respectable young jockey who refuses to be squared, and ride without "the strings on," marries the Grace Darling of the training stable (occasionally in a pair of boots which have done duty at the Crystal Palace on a Foresters' day), and rapidly increases in weight and importance. Drama of this grade might be tolerated in theatres just one cut above the Richardson's show of our youth, with its weird demons, malignant dwarfs, and bloody vampires: but it seems quite out of place in houses professing to cater for audiences of a higher caste, the members of which have many of them experienced too much of reality in the Turf to be amused by exaggerated ideals of actors and scenes connected with the race-course.

We sincerely trust we have seen the last of such trashy attempts to place the Turf in the same category as the latest atrocious murder; but a depraved section of the sovereign people, educated by the *Police News*, and always craving after something new in the shape of a dog and dwarf fight, must, we suppose, be supplied with the *pabulum* necessary for its amusement. A certain class of people of course there is to which sensation is life, and the presence of a real live horse on the stage a thing to be cherished in remembrance. And if we are to put any trust in appearances, it would seem as though others in the higher grades amongst us—who are apt to speak so disdainfully yet so ignorantly of racing matters, and to the disparagement of everything connected with the Turf—have received their sporting education in the same school as the Holborn apprentice, who takes all for granted which is put before him on the stage, and forms his idea of Newmarket and its surroundings on an exaggerated and untruthful repre-

sentation, highly seasoned with villainy, and rendered complete by the introduction of a race-horse borrowed from the nearest "growler."

For ourselves—as optimists perhaps, but jealous of an institution noble in itself, though "soiled to ignoble uses" by the many charlatans who profess to support it—we would ask, What end can be secured by holding up the mirror to the more degrading side of Turf policy, and presenting only its counterfeit, when the true coin rings honestly as ever? The drama is not so spotless that it can afford to undertake the cleansing of any particular section of society, least of all can it further its object by exhibiting any supposed abuses in an exaggerated light; but is bound to take the good with the evil, and rather by the effect of contrast than by the obscuration of merit to bring about a measure of reform the necessity for which is universally admitted.

## FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XXVII.—WEST AUSTRALIAN.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi"—and so, doubtless, before the days of the "West," many good horses made their mark on the Turf, but Mr. Bowes's horse was the first to secure the treble event of Two Thousand, Derby, and Leger. Next to our Dutchman recollections, the name of West Australian is associated with our earliest racing memories, and our anxiety to learn the issue of the Derby cost us a mild Eton flogging on the eventful afternoon which gave that "remarkable youngster," Mr. Bowes, his fourth Derby, and made John Scott's name more dreaded than ever by the proud Southron. West Australian has always been our *beau-ideal* of what a race-horse should be, and though, perhaps, the distance of time and the reverence of youth have magnified him unduly in our eyes, and a certain halo of romance clings about our first reminiscences of racing, there can be no doubt that private trials on Langton Wold, as well as public form over all sorts of courses, stamped the "West" as one of the most remarkable horses of the last half-century. It is somewhat curious, too, that Gladiateur and Lord Lyon, who have trodden in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor as winners of the three great events, should, like him, have hitherto proved failures at the stud. There is always, of course, this drawback to the chance of success of any "bright particular star" in the Turf firmament, that his youthful powers may be overtaken by too lavish patronage of the new stud idol, and that, no due allowance being made for such indiscretion on the part of his worshippers, he may be suffered to lapse into neglect, and be hastily pronounced a "failure" by the caprice of his *ci-devant* supporters. And may it not be possible that "the force of nature can no further go" than to create an animal of distinguished excellence as a race-horse, who cannot perpetuate in his stock those qualities which seem to have resulted from a supreme effort on the part of the Great Mother?

West Australian, who first saw light in 1850, was by Melbourne out of Moverina (sister to Cotherstone), by Touchstone out of Emma, by Whisker out of Gibside Fairy, by Hermes out of Vicissitude, by Pipator. He was bred by Mr. Bowes, and was the first of old Melbourne's get from the "quality" daughter of Touchstone. Australind by Sleight of Hand was her first pledge, but the Melbourne cross suited so well that Mowerina visited that worthy five years in succession. Marley Hill and Aurifer were mere platers, but Victoria and Go-ahead, own sisters to the "West," have done something to sustain the family reputation, the former by producing War and The Spy to Warlock and Underhand, while the latter can boast of the parentage of Hark Forward and Field Marshal. The Flying Dutchman, then his sire Bay Middleton, afterwards Kingston (to whom she threw Old Orange Girl), were Mowerina's lovers; but she failed to reward their attentions by throwing anything approaching to West Australian's form; and it was left for Stockwell in some degree to revive her name in those lesser luminaries of the Turf, Baragah and Westwick. Mowerina was barren the year after Westwick's birth, and unfortunately died in 1864, after foaling a dead filly by Young Melbourne. So that all chance of the grand Melbourne cross, through the union of his stalwart son with the pride of Streatham and the delight of Isaac Walker's heart, is past and gone. Mowerina was not in any way a remarkable-looking mare, and "The Druid" says of her that "she was quite light enough below the knee. Still there can be no doubt, if you look at her, whence the West catches his beautiful head and shoulders." Of old Melbourne we have given portrait and memoir some time since, so we need not go over that ground again. 'Tis pity that so few of his house and lineage have been spared to us to fill our paddocks with lop-eared foals, and that The Earl, even in the hands of a Cookson, has as yet done nothing to sustain the prestige of his family.

In due time, when September came round, Isaac Walker, according to custom, brought up his contingent of freshmen from Streatham to be entered in the university of Whitewall. Bill Scott always addressed Isaac on these occasions as "Streatham," and John would only recognise him officially as "Queen Mab." The splendid grunt of Frank Butler, when he first caught sight of the "West," delighted John Scott and Isaac above all things. "What's that?" he said. "That?" quoth John Scott, quite gravely; "oh, that's only a rough thing by Freedom; we'd better pass him,"—but "What a pretty pair you are," replied Frank, as he went up to introduce himself to his love at first sight. "The trial with West Australian and Longbow, at 21 lbs. for the year, was run three-quarters of a mile in a very deep ground, and the young one won it, hands down. Frank Butler had been on the crack at Whitewall, before the Houghton Meeting of 1852, but he never expected the West was coming for the Criterion." His astonishment was unbounded when he first learned the news from John Scott's lips at the Newmarket Station. "What, you don't mean to say you've brought the big bay horse with you; we've tried a rare good 'un, and I've backed him for a devil of a lot of money."—"I'm sorry for it," replied John, "but we've had Sim and Jack up, and Mr. Bowes has backed him for the Derby—the money's all on—and you've to stand the odds to fifty." There was no help for it, and so Frank went and told his brother that Rogers would have to take the Sittingbourne mount. He strictly obeyed his orders to "ride him tenderly up the hill, for fear he flounders in the dirt," but the horse could not move in it, and Speed the Plough dropped on to him at the finish. Frank's opinion of the big bay horse underwent a great change after the Glasgow Stakes, which he won in far more business-like style from his opponents, and he thought all the winter of what he and "my hack" were to do. He had liked what he had seen of the colt in the previous summer, though he never expected him to be got fit that year.

"Castor" has described West Australian, when in training, as "a good hard yellow bay horse, standing fifteen hands three inches and a half high. He has a very clean blood-like head, tapering towards the nose; with—like many of the Melbourne's—somewhat peculiar ears, long and rounded at the points. He has rather a short, strong, but still elegant neck; good shoulders, well thrown back; with great depth of girth, and very strong and thick through, where

his jockey's knees come. His back is splendid, and he is ribbed up so that you can barely lay your hand in the space left. He is not very deep from the top of the loin to the stifle, but has capital quarters, with good thighs and hocks, standing perhaps a little long from the hock to the ground. He has not very large arms or knees, but has plenty of bone, with very sound clean-looking legs. He has a thin blood-like tail, with a blaze of white in his face, as well as some white on the near fore coronet, and the off hind fetlock joint. Summing up his general appearances, we may safely record West Australian as one of the finest specimens of the English race-horse ever seen."

Such was our hero, when, with Frank Butler up, in the old "Victory" jacket of black and gold, he came to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1853, with odds of 6 to 4 freely laid on him. He won cleverly, but not so easily as has been supposed, from Sittingbourne and Sam Rogers, by half a length, Barbatus and Orinoco being placed third and fourth, and Filbert and a couple of others "nowhere." Owing to some disarrangement in the feet, to which he had been subject from a foal, the stable, we are told, "felt anything but comfortable on the Derby morning," and Frank less confident of success, owing to the state of the ground, which they knew would not suit the "West." He managed, however, by dint of tender riding and nursing to dispose once more of the "purple and buff stripes" of Bedford; Cinesas and Rataplan being close up with the leading pair, and having behind him such "form" as Rattle, Umbriel, Ethelbert, and Ninnyhammer, besides animals of such vaunted pretensions as Honeywood and Orestes.

Just before Doncaster, for whose great event he had been in reserve, having forfeited his Newcastle, Goodwood, and York engagements, the "black cloud began to gather round him," and his friends made vain endeavours to conceal their anxiety. The stable knew well enough some evil influence to be at work, and the "West" was not thoroughly restored to favour, until Lord Derby, in an interview with Frank Butler, set matters straight, and 6 to 4 once more became his taking price for the St. Leger. Sittingbourne had nothing to do with the finish this time, and Frank had merely to set him going at the turn to dispose of the Reirer, Rataplan, and Balrownie, who followed at a respectful distance and long intervals in the wake of the big bay. Lord Exeter's Filbert and Cobnut did not come up to be cracked in the 200 Sov. Sweepstakes at Doncaster, and the Grand Duke Michael at Newmarket: and the "West" retired into winter quarters after his well-earned honours, with a Cup future before him, and with Acrobat, Dervish, and Boiardo as Whitewall Derby aspirants for the ensuing year. Barbatus did not care to oppose him in their match set for the day between the Two and One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket First Spring; and though Vanderdecken and Filbert had a "cut at the crack" in the Triennial on the Ascot Wednesday, the race was merely a pipe opener for West Australian in anticipation of the Cup next day. This was his first appearance as the property of Lord Londesborough, and that consummate horseman, Alfred the Great of Danebury, donned the well-known light blue and silver of Grimston at the Royal Meeting. West Australian's Cup victory from that sterling little horse, Kingston, was not so bloodless as his friends asserted, and he had his measure taken most unmistakably by the game son of Venison. The "West's" last appearance was in a 300 Sov. Sweepstake at Goodwood, where a couple of Mr. Joseph Saxon's had the temerity to oppose him and meet their fate; but he did not "cut in" again to Mr. Howard and "tiny" Wells for the Cup, and Virago had it all her own way, both at Goodwood and Doncaster.

In the meantime, Stockwell, as previously narrated in our memoir of that celebrity, had passed into Lord Londesborough's possession; and this distinguished pair were advertised to stand at Kirkby, near Tadcaster, at 30 guineas each, with Mickey Free as "gentleman's gentleman." William Scott, the story of whose connection with old Melbourne is so well known, was best fitted to take charge of his most illustrious son, and many were the longing looks cast by foreigners at the chestnut and [the bay in which Yorkshire and England took such proud interest. There they continued to "receive," in Sultan style, until 1860, when Lord Londesborough died, and the sale took place which has only been surpassed in modern times by the dispersion of the late Mr. Blenkiron's stud at Middle Park. We can do no better than reproduce in his own words the narrative of "The Druid," a chronicler as faithful as entertaining, who thus recounts his experiences of the great sale at Grimston in 1860:—

"The Yorkshire mind had been stirred to its utmost depths by attempts to solve the great problem, whether Stockwell would sell for more than 'Westy.' With true local pride they hoped he would not, but yet they felt sure he would, and the speculation in *crumps* and pots principally ran on the point whether or not the chestnut would fetch five thousand and the bay four. All their enthusiasm was reserved for the 'West.' 'Here comes the pick of England,' said they, as he emerged from a gate behind, and strode with his beautiful white reach head aloft into the ring. There was quite a thrill as the biddings slowly rose to three thousand, and a sort of burst of suppressed impatience and vexation when no one could beat Count de Morny. 'He can't be released,' said a Tyke close by us, in such a melancholy strain, and then down went the hammer. There was quite a good rush after him for a last view, but somehow or other he is only an ordinary horse to look at, when his head is out of sight; and his stock, considering the chance he has had, justify the dubious verdict passed upon them when they first come out, five summers since, at Tattersall's. And so this grand sale passed into history; and when shall we see £20,689 guineas again made in one afternoon, twenty-three brood mares averaging 409½ guineas, one brood mare, and her two brood mare daughters, making 2990 guineas, and three St. Leger winners, chestnut, bay, and roan, standing up to the hammer, in the selfsame ring?"

We shall not follow the fortunes of West Australian in France, where his bad luck as a sire stuck by him, and he signally failed to realise the grand expectations formed of him by those most interested in the rise and progress of horse-breeding across the Channel. His stock, with some few very moderate exceptions, sadly lacked substance and stamina, and Verdure has been his best advertisement of late years. Before he "left his country for his country's good," however, he had made some sort of a reputation as the sire of Summerside and The Wizard. Ellerdale, the dam of Lord Londesborough's Oaks winner, considering the catholicity of her successes with sires of almost every description, could not well refuse a fair pledge to so illustrious a consort as the "West"; while John Scott's opinion of The Wizard's courage was never very high, and some of his enemies have gone so far as to write his name down among the white feather division. Thormanby and St. Albans effectually countered his ambitious dreams, and his Cup career was inglorious. We cannot recall any sire of note, at present at the public service, who can boast of direct descent from the "West"; and though breeders in Ireland have a sort of fancy for Solon, he has little beyond good looks and mediocre performances to recommend him. Therefore the line of old Melbourne must look to other sources for a perpetuation of the strength and solidity which are its characteristics, rather than the airy quality we are apt to associate with the descendants of the desert-born.

Naturally, owing to West Australian's early retirement to the



haras of "la belle France," his list of mares in the "Stud Book" is neither so numerous nor distinguished as those of his contemporaries. And we look through it in vain for any one name over which we can linger as having been immortalised in racing annals or stud repute. The roll call hardly numbers thirty "all told," and Summerside stands out in bold relief as an Oaks winner indeed, but not as having contributed any celebrities to the turf. Nightingale, Stella, and Arbutus might have been expected to do "family connections" some sort of credit, but as yet West Australian mares have their future to make, and but a short night in which to accomplish it. Instances are rare in which the daughters of so grandly framed and grandly bred a father of the English Stud have shown neither racing ability nor the inclination to breed winners after their retirement from active life. Still the faith is strong in us, that the lode of running blood is there, if we only knew how to strike it; and we hold a firm belief in it cropping up again in after generations, when breeders, pursuing the pedigree table of some great winner of obscure origin, may wonder at the excellence of blood whose quality had lain dormant so long. Perhaps such a combination of Melbourne and Touchstone blood as existed in West Australian, taken in conjunction with the different elements of which his consorts were presumably composed, may be considered to present extraordinary difficulties to breeders in search of a totally distinct cross; and this must always militate in some degree against animals in which such magnificent fusions exist. Possibly the French, who must be in possession of more of the "West's" mares than the mother country, may help us out of the difficulty in time; but at present it must be written down that the greatest of modern race-horses has been tried and found wanting as a sire on both sides of the Channel. We should add that West Australian died at the haras of Mezzedin, in Normandy, on May 11, 1870, thus having attained the age of 20 years.

### THE "CLAUQUE."

(Concluded from page 167.)

THE whirl of the Revolution naturally swept the *claque* away, for the maintenance of such an institution would have been inconsistent with the democratic spirit of the times; but shortly after the first Napoleon assumed the imperial purple, it was once more revived. Mdle. Georges and Mdle. Duchenois were then struggling for pre-eminence at the Comédie Française. Both were talented, and Mdle. Georges was in addition remarkably beautiful. The Emperor, although a professed woman-hater, threw aside, on this occasion, his customary reserve and espoused the cause of Mdle. Georges; while the Empress Josephine—possibly jealous—openly advocated the merits of *la Duchenois*. Each sovereign, we are told, hired people to applaud their respective favourites, and so well were the *laudiceni* paid that they frequently fought each other at the theatre. The rivalry of the two *tragédiennes* lasted sufficiently long for their gangs of *claqueurs* to gain a certain consistency, and when at length the warfare came to an end, "MM. les Romains"—it is thus that they are frequently nicknamed—declined to disband themselves. They felt that they had become a power in the State, coalesced together, and after some manœuvring at length succeeded in imposing themselves alike on authors and artists, directors and spectators. Even that celebrated actress, Mdle. Mars, had recourse to their services, but then it must be admitted that it was somewhat in self-defence. David, the painter and sculptor, had an especial enmity against her, and in 1810, when her rival, Mdle. Levert, performed at the Français, he despatched there the whole of his *atelier*—some sixty pupils—with instructions to applaud most enthusiastically.

It was not before the restoration of the Bourbons that the *claque* such as it is to-day organised became definitely established. The quarrels of the *Classiques* and the *Romantiques* set it firmly on its feet, and since 1830 its authority has remained almost unquestioned. The few managers that have attempted to do without it have been eventually obliged to tolerate it, frequently for fear of losing their best artists. Both the Opéra and the Français have special *clagues* of their own, but several of the other Parisian theatres are supplied with applauders by an *entrepreneur de succès dramatique*. The profession is a most lucrative one, and several *chefs de claque* have died leaving fortunes behind them. Of these one of the most celebrated was Auguste, captain of the Opéra *audiceni*, who purchased his post for no less than *three thousand two hundred pounds sterling*. "More than one actor or actress in vogue," says Doctor Véron, in his "Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris," paid him a pension. The *début* of each artist was worth certain sums, varying according to the pretensions of the *débutant*. Towards the close of their engagement more than one actor or actress, to deceive both director and public, paid Auguste for a momentary increase of *claque*, so that they might have their engagements renewed and their salaries even raised." I may add that the manager did not always escape these traps when they were skilfully laid. It will be seen from the foregoing that the salary a *chef de claque* receives from the manager of the theatre where he is employed constitutes in reality the smallest fraction of his gains. He has numerous other ways of making money, and, when not remunerated in specie, accepts instead half-price tickets for admission, disposing of them to the various *agences de théâtre* at very nearly their full price. Of course he always has a certain number of places at his disposal for the accommodation of his *employés*, who, generally speaking, are some poor devils with a great taste for theatricals, and are only too willing to gain admission by giving their applause. On the occasion of a *première*, however, there are always numerous amateurs willing to pay, if not full, at least two-thirds price for their *entrées*.

Ordinarily the *chef de claque* and his lieutenants attend the two last rehearsals of the piece whose success they are called upon to ensure. They note which are the more effective scenes, and which the most successful *jeux d'esprit*, from the impression they find they produce on the few *privilegiés* who are generally present at these final rehearsals. Author and actors undoubtedly assist them in this task, but being well acquainted with the business, they are able to distinguish at a glance the episodes which are likely to impress the public, and those which will in all probability pass by unperceived.

This preliminary work is of course modified after the first few performances. The head *claqueur* notes that certain incidents in the effect of which he and his lieutenants had counted do not meet with the notice of the spectators, while others stand out in relief, and are well received. He modifies his plan of battle accordingly, for it is one of the rules of the profession to increase impressions, but not to seem to impose them, for the public, good-natured as it may be, does not like to be contradicted. After the tenth performance or so, everything is decided, and if the piece has a run of five hundred nights—like *Orphée* or *La Fille Angot*—the *claque* will applaud, laugh, and cry precisely at the same points. Speaking of laughing and crying, one may observe that it is in connection with these faculties that the *chef de claque* often achieves his greatest triumphs. Of course he has women in his *troupe*, specially charged with the weeping business, and with communicating emotion to the spectators. These *pleureuses*, who are not unfrequently the wives of some of the masculine *claqueurs*,

diligently school themselves to play their parts successfully—for weeping is as much an art as "making eyes." Ask any pretty woman if it is not so? Dispersed throughout the theatre, but generally in the upper regions, the *pleureuses*, when the curtain rises on the long-awaited *scène déchirante*, feel at once for their pocket-handkerchiefs, bite them convulsively, rub their eyes, blow their noses with emotion, and generally endeavour to make believe, by all outward manifestations of grief, that they are greatly affected. The faculty of imitation which all women as a rule possess in such a high degree is now displayed in quite a new light, certain of the feminine portion of the audience sympathetically following in the wake of the *pleureuses*, and bringing forth handkerchiefs and smelling salts. The *feuilletons* of the morrow record that "yesterday's drama at the *Amusements* was a *succès de larmes*."

We will now turn to the laughing business. At the various comic (or so supposed) incidents and jokes, those *claqueurs* whose function it is to display their risible faculties, and who in theatrical parlance are termed *rigolards*, laugh noisily. Great tact, considerable mimic power, and a communicative style of laugh are here needed, or otherwise the plot would inevitably fall through. When a piece has been received with a good volley of *rigolades*, the theatrical *feuilletons* cut out the *succès de larmes*, and substitute *succès de bonne et franche gaieté*.

This history of the *claque* would not be complete without the following anecdote which has been told before, but which is sufficiently curious to bear repetition. Some five-and-twenty years ago the director of a provincial theatre in France, finding that his actors were never applauded, and never met with the slightest mark of approbation, resolved to organise a *claque* to stimulate the audience into enthusiasm. The innovation did not meet with success; and the *claqueurs*, hissed and beaten, were compelled to resign their functions the same evening. The manager did not insist, but at the same time refused to acknowledge himself defeated. He was endowed with much perseverance, and above all with a most ingenious imagination. He proved it in this circumstance, for soon afterwards this same public, which had hitherto remained so calm and cold throughout the performances, became exceedingly demonstrative and loud in its applause. This result was effected as follows. In conjunction with a discreet machinist, our director organised a mysterious mechanical contrivance to supply the place of the obnoxious *claqueurs*. The reader must imagine several articulated hammers fastened at four different places under the pit-floor in such a manner that on pulling a string they struck together, producing a noise akin to that of a stick rapped upon the ground. A few yards from the hammers, in the centre of the pit, were placed two instruments admirably imitating the clapping of hands. They were two large castanets covered with leather, a string pulling them together. The sound of these mechanical clappers penetrated into the theatre through holes pierced above them and hidden by the seats of the spectators. There were in all six cords which met in a part of the theatre unknown to all, and were fastened to six strong wooden keys like those of a piano. One can easily understand the working of the instruments. At certain passages of a piece indicated beforehand by the director the machinist placed his finger on one or another of the hammer keys, struck little blows right and left as people impatient of applauding do with their canes. It was only very rarely that the public did not answer this appeal. In this case the machinist set his whole machine in motion, and all the approbatory engines mingled their expressions of enthusiasm with the real applause of the audience. This ingenious artifice never became known to the townspeople, and to-day the locality is much sought after by travelling actors, on account of the spectators' good will and readiness to applaud. E. A. V.

### SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT LIVERPOOL.

DURING the race week the Messrs. Lucas held their usual sales, and their well-known repository in Great Charlotte Street was liberally patronised. Appended is a return of the thoroughbreds disposed of:—

STOCKINGS (late Stygne 1862), ch m, by Stockwell out of Surge; Gs. with a chestnut filly foal by Sawcutter .....	15
Ch f, 3 yrs, by Macaroni out of Stockings .....	35
B f, 2 yrs, by Macaroni out of Stockings .....	25
B yearling c, by Macaroni out of Stockings .....	40
SAWCUTTER (1858), br h, by Idle Boy out of Titian .....	95
B m (1869) by Caterer out of Summerside, by West Australian; with colt foal by Saunterer, and served by Thorwaldsen .....	50
Br c, 3 yrs, by Stockwell out of Gazza Ladrà, by Voltigeur .....	48
Ch f (1870) by Caterer or Stockwell out of Precepress, by Chatham .....	115
CARAC (1867), b m, by Caractacus, dam by Gabbler out of Snowdrop .....	48

### SALE OF BLOOD STOCK IN DUBLIN.

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, AT SEWELL'S REPOSITORY.

THE PROPERTY OF CAPT. D. BAYLEY.		
SPARTOS, b c, 5 yrs, by Solon out of Mrs. Acton, by Buccaneer .....	Gs.	
BELLE OF THE BALL, br f, 2 yrs, by Belladrum out of Mousseline de Laine, by Tim Whiffler .....	Mr. G. Knox	20
THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. ATKINSON.		
GRAMACHREE, brood mare, by Hobbie Noble out of Sister to Johnny, by Elvas; covered by Crown Prince .....	Mr. Livesay	13
DISDAIN, brood mare, by Cannobie out of Lady Langton, by Cotherstone; covered by Dr. Syntax .....	Mr. Jas. Murphy	36

CORRIE MEETING.—The judge and slipper for the Corrie Coursing Meeting on December 15 and 16 are Mr. Hay and J. Kerres.

HACKTHORPE (KNIPESCAR) COURSING MEETING is set for November 26. Judge, Mr. G. Mulcaster; slipper, J. Kerres. The programme will comprise a 16 for puppies, and a 16 and an 8 for all ages.

GATLING GUN, by Cromwell out of Georgina, and Presto (late Scherzo), by Mozart out of Jolly News, are matched to run one course, for £50 a side, at the forthcoming Bothal Meeting.

IRON BALL.—This greyhound, by Elmansoor out of Kitty Mars, fell whilst running for the Coquetdale Cup on Wednesday week, and injured himself so seriously that he had to be at once destroyed.

A LONG STEEPLE-CHASE.—The Austrian journals speak of a "competitive ride," undertaken by 15 army and militia officers, and two civilians, from Vienna to Pardubitz. The distance is about 136 English miles as the crow flies, and about 150 by any of the roads. Each one was allowed to take the route he pleased. They started at 7 a.m. from the central cavalry barracks in Vienna in the presence of a great number of officers. The extreme limit of time given was three full days, so that horses arriving after that length of time were out of the race. One of the competitors, Herr Tippelt, a civilian, did the distance in 52 hours, and won. A protest was raised by the second, but it was disallowed.

HOISES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]

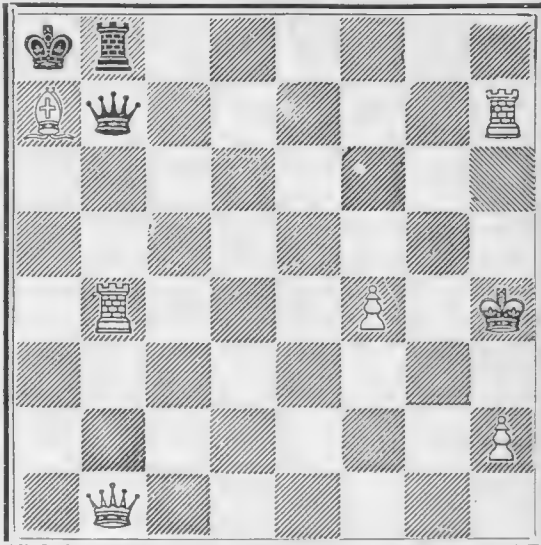
### Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

#### PROBLEM No. 30.

By Mr. H. SCHLEUSNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 29.

- |                             |            |
|-----------------------------|------------|
| WHITE.                      | BLACK.     |
| 1. Kt to KR 7               | 1. K moves |
| 2. Queen mates accordingly. |            |

#### MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. WEISKER AND MACDONNELL.

Score in the match between Messrs. Weisker and Macdonnell:—

Mr. Weisker, 4. Mr. Macdonnell, 2. Drawn, 3.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G.—We never received the enclosure alluded to in your letter. T. W. A. and Marsh.—The solutions sent are quite correct. A. H. S.—A problem should be solved against the best possible defence, and by one line of play only.

The following well fought games were played in the late match between twelve of the City of London Chess Club and the same number of the Bermondsey Club, the former giving the odds of the Knight:—

#### [REMOVE WHITE'S KING'S KNIGHT.]

WHITE. (Mr. De Vere.)	BLACK. (Mr. Powell.)	WHITE. (Mr. De Vere.)	BLACK. (Mr. Powell.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	24. K to B 2	24. P to Q Kt 4
2. P to Q 4	2. P takes P	25. Q takes R P	25. Castles
3. B to Q B 4	3. Q to K B 3 (a)	26. Q takes B	26. Q takes Q
4. Castles	4. Kt to Q B 3	27. Kt takes Q	27. Kt takes P
5. P to K B 4	5. B to Q B 4	28. B to Kt 3	28. Kt to K R 5
6. K to R sq	6. Q to K 2	29. R to K Kt sq	29. R to K Kt 3
7. P to K 5	7. P to Q 3	30. R takes R	30. P takes R
8. P takes P	8. Q takes P	31. B to K 6 (ch)	31. K to Kt 2
9. P to K B 5	9. Kt to K B 3	32. K to Kt 3	32. P to K Kt 4
10. B to K B 4	10. Q to Q sq	33. Kt to K 4	33. P to Q 6 (d)
11. B to K Kt 5	11. P to K R 3	34. Kt to Q B 5 (ch)	34. K to Kt 3
12. R to K sq (ch)	12. Kt to K 2	35. Kt takes Q P	35. B to Kt 2
13. B takes Kt	13. P takes B	36. R to K B sq	36. B to K 5
14. Q to K R 5	14. R to R 2	37. R to B 6	37. P to Q B 3
15. Kt to Q 2	15. B to Q 3	38. K to Kt 4	38. R to Q 5
16. P to K Kt 4	16. Q to Q 2	39. K takes P	39. Kt to B 6 (ch)
17. Kt to K 4	17. B to K 4	40. R takes Kt (e)	40. B takes R
18. K to Kt sq (b)	18. Q to Q B 3	41. P to K R 4	41. R to Q 3
19. B to Kt 3	19. P to Q Kt 3	42. P to K B 5	42. R to Q sq
20. P to K Kt 5	20. B to Kt 2	43. P to R 5	43. R to K Kt sq (ch)
21. P takes B P	21. B takes B P	44. B to Kt 6	44. B to K 5
22. B to R 4	22. R to Kt 2 (ch)	45. K to B 6	45. R to K R sq
23. K to B sq	23. B to R 3 (ch) (c)	46. K to Kt 7	

And Black resigned.

#### NOTES.

- (a) This is not a commendable reply.  
(b) Well played.  
(c) An example of an utterly useless—and worse than useless—check.  
(d) Apparently his only move to preserve the valuable Knight's Pawn.  
(e) Very well conceived. White cannot lose, and with a passed Pawn on the King's Rook's file, supported by the King, he has every chance of winning.

Between Messrs. Potter and Cooper.

#### [REMOVE WHITE'S KING'S KNIGHT.]

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4	1. P to Q 4	12. R to B sq	12. Castles
2. P to Q B 4	2. P to K 3	13. P to K R 3	13. R to Q sq
3. P to K 3	3. P to Q B 4	14. B to Q 3	14. P to Q Kt 4 (b)
4. B to K 2	4. Kt to Q B 3	15. R takes Kt	15. P takes Kt
5. P takes Q P	5. K P takes P	16. B to Kt sq	16. B to Kt 2
6. Castles	6. Kt to B 3	17. R to B 7	17. B to Q 3
7. Kt to Q B 3	7. P to Q R 3	18. B takes Kt (c)	18. B takes R
8. P to Q Kt 3	8. Q to Q Kt 3 (a)	19. Q to R 5 (d)	19. P takes B
9. Kt to Q R 4	9. Q to R 2	20. Q to R 6 (e)	20. P to K B 4
10. P takes P	10. B takes P	21. B takes P	21. B to K 4
11. B to Kt 2	11. B to K 2		And White mates in four moves.

#### NOTES.

- (a) This is not a good move, as it enables White to bring his Queen's Bishop on immediate play.  
(b) A weak move, which just gives White the necessary time to mature his attack. Black ought to have played at this point 14. P to Q 5.  
(c) Very finely played.  
(d) Had he played the obvious move of 19. Q to K Kt: 4, Black, we believe, would have escaped, e.g.:—  
19. Q to K Kt 4  
20. Q to K Kt 5  
21. Q to R 6  
19. P to K Kt 3  
20. Q to Q B 4  
21. Q to K B sq, &c.  
(e) The whole of this game is very beautifully played by Mr. Potter.

KINGSLERE.—Cobham and Algebra arrived here on Saturday last from Liverpool. Grand Duchess, having been sold, did not return to her former training quarters.

MONT VALÉRIEN and Herbert, both of whom were to have done such great things this season, have been turned out of training for the present.

EPIS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPIS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVT.]



## PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

## MR. GILBERT'S "DRAMATIC CONTRAST."

THE *School for Scandal* having been withdrawn, the programme at this elegant little theatre has undergone an entire change, and now consists of Mr. Gilbert's long promised "dramatic contrast," entitled *Sweethearts*, in conjunction with a revival of the late Mr. T. Robertson's comedy, *Society*. In Mr. Gilbert's graceful dramatic idyl, for as such *Sweethearts* may appropriately be classed, there are neither plot to develop, complications to unravel, action nor the other elements essential to constitute a drama; it is of the slightest possible texture, and is confined to the delineation of two passages in the lives of, or, more correctly, two interviews between, a pair of lovers, at an interval of thirty years. Nevertheless, Mr. Gilbert has so skilfully constructed and invested the simple fabric with such poetical fragrance and grace that two pictures of great interest and beauty are presented to us, and the little piece, charmingly acted by Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. Coghlan, as the two lovers, has met with a very favourable reception. Both interviews take place in the garden in front of the cottage *ornée* where dwells 'Miss Jenny Northcote' (Mrs. Bancroft), between whom and 'Harry Spreadbrow' (Mr. Coghlan) there exists a strong attachment, the gentleman's openly indicated in his every action, while the young lady conceals hers under the veil of indifference and feigned coldness. The two acts, termed respectively "Spring" and "Autumn," indicate not only the season of year in which each takes place, but the corresponding period in the lives of the lovers. In act i., laid in the spring of 1844, we have the lovers in their youth. Harry Spreadbrow, on the point of sailing to India to fill an appointment, repairs to the cottage, ostensibly to say farewell, but in reality to declare his love to Jenny—who receives him but coldly, damps his ardent avowals by her frivolous banter and raillery, the next moment reviving his sinking heart by some winning tenderness. They join together in planting a cutting which Harry had secured from a favourite old sycamore, under which they were both accustomed to sit in their childhood; still Jenny continues to take malicious pleasure in tormenting her poor lover—to an extent wholly unaccountable, and which becomes eventually, as it appears to us, not only absolutely heartless and repelling, but unnatural and unjustifiable. When Harry asks her to pluck him a flower as a parting memento, she offers him a great garden pot with a plant in bloom. He gives her a rose from his coat, which, after passionately pressing to her lips, she carelessly casts on the table; Spreadbrow's intimation that the time has arrived to say goodbye is received in apathetic silence; and the climax of his disappointment is reached when, in reply to his question, if she has not something to say about his going to India, Jenny, in the most formal tone and unconcerned manner, wishes him a pleasant voyage, and that he may be happy and prosperous. Spreadbrow can bear no more, says goodbye, and takes his departure; Jenny, confident that her lover will come back in a moment, to renew his farewell, loiters over her flowers to hear his returning footsteps, but in vain, for the young man has really gone; and Jenny, awakened too late to the sad results of her cruelty and foolish coquetry, picks up the rosebud she had heedlessly cast away, and bursts into a flood of tears as the curtain descends. Thirty years are presumed to have elapsed when the curtain rises for the second act, which takes place in the autumn of the present year, and in the same pretty garden; the sapling, planted nearly thirty years ago by the youthful lovers, has grown into a huge tree, under the spreading branches of which Miss Northcote, now a comely old lady with snow-white hair, and the sweetest of smiles lighting up her placidly sad face, receives an elderly stranger, the Harry of 1844, now Sir Harry Spreadbrow, returned from his long residence in India, and revisiting the haunts of his early days. Neither recognise the other for some time; Sir Harry has utterly forgotten every circumstance of his early attachment, and it is only as the conversation on former events progresses that these gradually are brought back to his mind, and recognition soon takes place. The contrast is here charmingly illustrated. While Spreadbrow has completely forgotten Jenny and his youthful love for her, Miss Northcote had steadfastly remained faithful to her girlish attachment, and tenderly cherished the rosebud given to her on the day they parted, and now produces it with deep emotion. It is evident that the old flame is being rekindled in the breast of Sir Harry, for, when on recovering her composure, Miss Northcote exclaims, "Ah well, the play is over, let us talk of something else," Sir Harry, taking her hand with gentle tenderness, and passing it through his arm, gallantly rejoins, "My dear Jane, so far from the play being over, the serious interest has but begun," and leads her into the cottage as the curtain descends. It is in this act that the many poetic beauties of this exquisite dramatic idyl abound, while no description can convey any idea of the artistic finish and absolute perfection of Mrs. Bancroft's acting in both acts—her arch piquancy and vivacity enabling her to give full effect to the pettish waywardness and coquetry of the young country maiden, in the first; but her portraiture of the calmly dignified and sorrow-stricken elderly lady of the second is a triumph of art, and could not be surpassed even on the French stage. It is an assumption sure to be the talk of the town, and of itself is well worth a visit to the Prince of Wales's, and likely to draw crowds there for several weeks. Mr. Coghlan, though somewhat deficient in warmth as the youthful lover, excellently represents the elderly baronet, 'Sir Harry Spreadbrow,' of the second act.—The revival of *Society* is chiefly to be noted for the almost entirely new cast—the only exception being Mr. Bancroft, who resumes his admirable impersonation of 'Tom Styles,' the impecunious journalist, originally sustained by Mr. Dewar, whom he replaced in 1868, when Mr. Bancroft resigned his original part, 'Sidney Daryl,' to Mr. H. J. Montague. Mr. Coghlan very spiritedly represents 'Sidney Daryl'; Mr. Archer takes Mr. Hare's place as 'Lord Ptarmigan'; Mr. F. Glover succeeds Mr. S. Clarke as 'John Chodd, junr.'; Mr. Arthur Wood is 'Chodd, senr.'; Mr. Collette, 'O'Sullivan'; and Miss Fanny Josephs and Mrs. Leigh Murray lend very efficient aid as 'Maud Hetherington' and her aunt, the pompous 'Lady Ptarmigan.' On the whole, the comedy is very fairly represented by its present exponents, and it is only to those who retain a vivid recollection of the original unrivalled cast that any diminution of interest will be apparent.

A NEW PARISIAN PLAY.—In consequence of the success, at the Porte-St.-Martin, of the drama *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours*, one of the Paris theatres is about to bring out a rival production, entitled *Le Tour du Demi-monde en 80 Nuits*.

DIED, at Knutsford, Cheshire, on November 6, Mr. Thomas Lee, trainer, aged 56 years, highly respected by a large circle of friends.

MR. CHAPLIN.—Mr. Chaplin has sustained severe losses recently in the deaths of Dalesman and Knowsley, from the same complaint that proved fatal to Ryshworth. Dalesman (foaled in 1863) was by King Tom, and Knowsley (in 1859) by Stockwell.

THE ARAB HORSE.—Capt. R. D. Upton, who left England recently for the purpose of visiting certain Arab tribes, and extending his knowledge of the Arab horse, has arrived safely at Aleppo, and purposes commencing his investigations at once.

## THE LATE MR. HARLEY.

WE reproduce in this page a portrait of the late Mr. Harley in one of his favourite characters, that of 'Bob Acres.' It is happily unnecessary to say a word about an actor who, in the year 1858—"to speak by the card"—was such a favourite with metropolitan playgoers. His memory is yet green enough. For the benefit of those, however, who know little of an artist who occupied such a conspicuous position on the London boards at and prior to the period we mention, we subjoin the following article which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*—

"The valet, then, is a general favourite. There is much in him that tells on our saturnine playgoers. There is his mirth and his movement; and there is also his station, hovering midway as he does between comedy and farce; with more breadth than the one and alertness than the other, he is an agreeable compromise that answers for both, and has thus attracted the powers of some of our greatest comedians. Garrick, King, and Palmer were his illustrious vehicles, and their mantle in our day has fallen on the shoulders of Harley. How full his enjoyment, and how vast his resource! How ready his sympathy in his master's successes, and how strict his reserve in a case of disaster! How



THE LATE MR. HARLEY AS 'BOB ACRES.'

nice his analysis of counter-advantages, and how keen his detection of a possible beating! Indeed, we have come to think that the very mannerism of our friend has a peculiar significance, and that nothing in livery can be natural without it. That strange rise and sink of his stride round the stage, as if constantly ducking from a merited cuff; that sagacious fixed look with which he meets an assembly, ready to gloze at submission or twinkle at triumph; and that singular jaw that is ever thrust out as though 'twere meant for a lease-drawer ready to catch a stray guinea.

"But our friend may lay claim to higher ground than we have given him. He has been more than the valet of the stage of our day: he has been the valet of Shakspeare. Those curious admixtures of wit and hilarity, of subtle conception and fantastical sport, are of too composite a nature for ordinary handling. From that grand dialectician, the discriminate 'Touchstone,' to that broader philosopher, the clown in *Twelfth Night*; from the circumspet 'Grumio' to the dinnerless 'Launcelot'; each finds in his treatment his proper significance, and takes his rank as distinctly as if defined by a herald. Their quips and their quiddities, their gibes and their cozenings, always obtain in his speech their right aptness and flavour, and gain in his looks their entire illustration—that double expression which, as it lights up the meaning, reveals the enjoyment.

"Here we might pause, but that there is still a field of pleasantries in which he claims recognition, and a further evidence that talent may lie in extremes. How direct is the antagonism between Shakspeare and burlesque; between the great world of character and caricature; and yet how obvious after all that our

knowledge of one may become our best guide in exploring the other! It is our perception of truth that teaches us how to exaggerate. We must understand nature before we can paint its reverse. But burlesque has had its eras. That of O'Hara and Carey, which only dealt with the drama, and satirised its tragic and lyric excesses, has been replaced in our day by the new school of Planché, which has aimed rather at the follies of actual life; and it is in this modern school, so superior to the former both in humour and fancy, that our favourite has gathered his latest distinctions. Still he has kept to his path. If the royalty of burlesque must be conceded on all hands to the genius of Bland, the diplomacy of burlesque is as proper to Harley. He only, as servitor to wizard or king, can expound the grave doubts, draw the airy distinctions, or propose the grand projects, of superior statesmanship.

"We may conclude with remarking that our hero's life has been less chequered than that of his brethren in general; that he drew his first breath in London, and, escaping the law (that Tartarus out of which so many actors have struggled), he came before our public some forty years since, and leaped at once into the seat of his great prototype, Bannister. From that day to this his life has rolled on with an even flow of prosperity, and fortune has favoured him as much as the public. We are happy to think that he has deserved his rewards, and that not less in his life than in his pleasant profession he has succeeded to the fame of his worthy precursor. If on this ground it were necessary to adduce any proof, we would point but to one which we think is decisive. On the death of Edmund Kean he was elected to the mastership of Drury Lane Fund. It was an honour that could be earned but by genius or character; and, if there were actors about him whose claims might be higher in the field of their art, it was universally felt that there was none who stood above him in individual worth, or who could attract to the institution over which he was placed a larger measure of the public respect and support."

MIDDLE ALBANY.—According to the American newspapers the success made by this accomplished *primadonna* in New York during her recent performances has been something extraordinary. The beauty of her face and figure, the exquisite quality of her voice, the perfection of her phrasing, and the grace of her vocalisation, have each found admiring advocates. "We look upon her," say the journalists, "as in a great measure belonging to us; her success has been our success, and in four years she has risen to the pinnacle of fame in her calling." The effect of her singing upon her audiences is described as "beyond the limits of ordinary admiration." Another writer says—"The house rose at her, and the opera closed as an unbounded triumph for her." Another—"The audience paid her the compliment—unusual in New York at that time of the evening—of five calls before the curtain." Her acting also charmed the American audiences, as several writers bear testimony; one says, "In the aggregate of qualities that make up a symmetrical embodiment of 'Amina,' Middle Albany among her contemporaries stands alone."

BROMLEY WINTER STEEPLE-CHASES.—These steeple-chases and hurdle-races are set for December 8 and 9, the two days preceding Kingsbury.

KINGSBURY DECEMBER MEETING.—A capital bill of fare is provided for the Kingsbury Meeting, set for the three days following Bromley. The principal stakes will close on Tuesday next to Messrs. Weatherby or to Mr. J. Pratt, of New Barnet, Herts, this last-named gentleman acting for Mr. T. Marshall as clerk of the course.

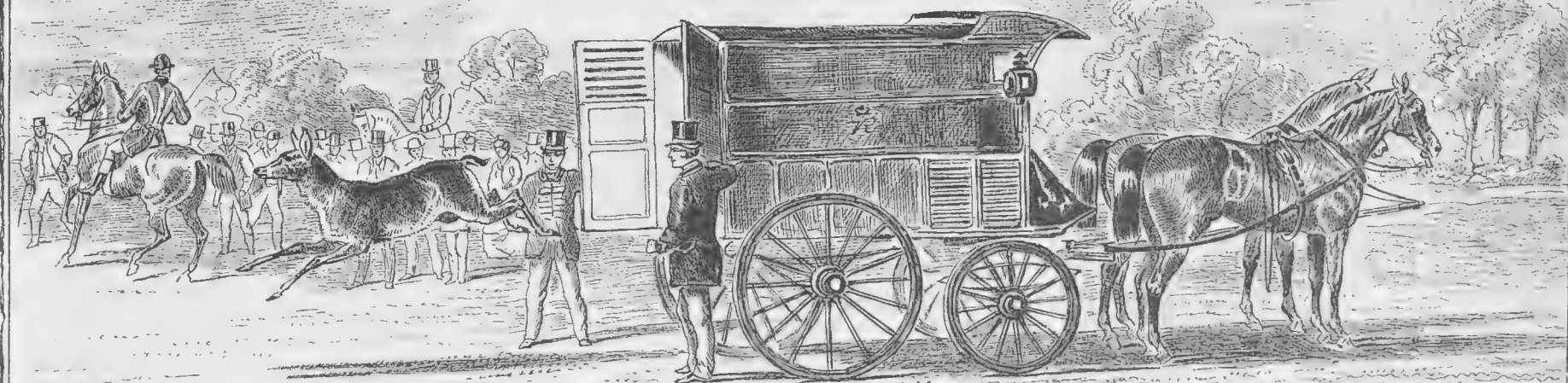
TURF NEWS FROM FRANCE.—*Le Sport* announces that Novateur, Nougat, Punch, Margot, Feu d'Armour, and Combat, have been turned out of training at Dangu. The stewards of the French Jockey Club will at once take into consideration Admiral Rous's letter inviting them to throw open French races to English horses. Nice races and steeple-chases are fixed for the 20th, 24th, and 27th of January, when prizes, with 35,500 fr. added, will be run for.

STAG HUNT NEAR PARIS.—The pack of the Duc d'Aumale were out on Saturday last, the meet being at the Château de Chalis, the residence of Madame de Vetry, with whom the Duc de Nemours and the Comte de Paris breakfasted before the hunt, as did also M. Quicquet, the Duc d'Aumale's *capitaine des chasses*. At 11 o'clock they came up with a fine stag in the wood of Perth. He was in company with a doe and a fawn, but was speedily separated from them. After a little beating about, he broke from the wood in the direction of Chantilly, and afterwards balked the hounds, one of which, named Clotaire, however, kept him in sight, and the field speedily rallied round him. The stag, closely pressed, took to the water in the large lake of Morfontaine, where he hid among the reeds. He was then shot, and taken out at 3.30 p.m. Those present were the Duc de Nemours, the Comte de Paris, MM. Henri de Chezelles and d'Ursel, the Princess de Sagan, Madame de Montgomery, and Madame d'Ursel, besides several regular attendants at the hunt.

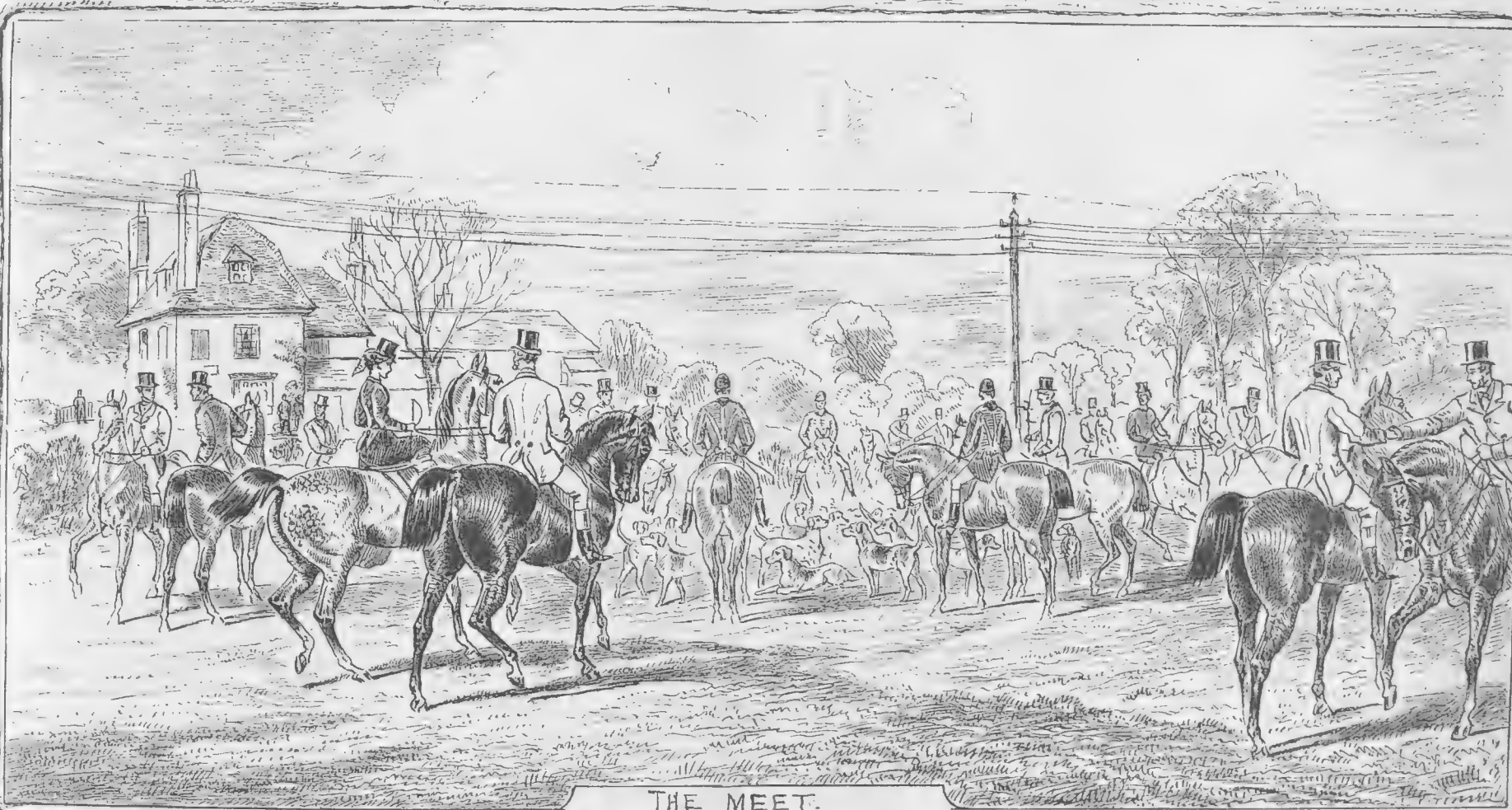
THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—The weekly meeting of this club took place on Saturday last at Preston, when there was some first-class sport. The weather was beautifully fine and clear, notwithstanding the foggy state of the atmosphere when the London division left Victoria Station by the 10 minutes to ten train in the morning. In addition to the optional sweepstakes at five birds each, which was won by Captain Harrison, several £1 events were decided, the chief winners being Captain Gordon-Hughes, Captain Leighton, Mr. Baird, Captain H. J. Fane, Mr. Clifton, and Captain Harrison. Among the unsuccessful competitors were Sir William Call, and Mr. Percy Fuller, who shot well up, being in the ties on three or four occasions. The blue rocks going with the wind afforded excellent practice. The attendance, although not very large, included the *élite* of the visitors staying at Brighton. To-day (Saturday) there will be another optional sweepstakes at handicap distances, in addition to the ordinary three-bird sweepstakes.

A HUNTSMAN KILLED.—On Saturday last a melancholy accident occurred in the hunting field with the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Foxhounds. The meet was at the Bridge of Weir, and a move was made to the Torr Hall cover, where a fox was started, and a good spin enjoyed across the high country to Barcraig Wood. Mr. John Squires, the veteran huntsman, had entered the wood from the top of the hill, and was descending carefully into the lower part, when it is supposed that his horse stumbled and threw him. The accident was witnessed by only one person, who went to his assistance, only, however, to find him quite dead. The sport of the day was of course stopped, and the body of the deceased conveyed to his residence at the kennels, Houston, where it was ascertained by Dr. Lewis, of Houston, that the neck was dislocated. There were no marks of injury about the head or body, and it is suggested that the deceased may have been seized with heart disease and fallen from his horse. The deceased was 69 years of age, and was greatly esteemed. His son, Tom Squires, lately the huntsman of the York and Ainstie Foxhounds, was killed in the hunting field only about 18 months since. "Old Squires" had been huntsman to the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Foxhounds for nearly a quarter of a century, and although over 60 years of age, was an enthusiast in the sport till the last. —*Scoleman*.





ENLARGING THE DEER.



THE MEET.



THE FIRST LEAP.

Jno Sturges Del.

THE FIRST MEET OF HER MAJESTY'S BUCKHOUNDS.



REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.  
BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XIX.

To show how difficult shooting was some fifty years ago, to what it now is, I lay before my readers an account of a day at Holkham, got up especially for royalty. "On the 11th of December 1816, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester repeated his annual visit to Mr. Coke at Holkham, and partook of the sports of the field. Two hundred and fifty four head of game were killed in one day, though the rabbits have latterly been chiefly destroyed on account of their depredations, and though the breed both of partridges and pheasants has been worse than was ever known." In these days, a party honoured by the presence of the Prince of Wales would, without counting rabbits, quadruple the above amount. A few years ago a party of the Earl of Stamford's friends, headed by his Lordship, total fourteen guns, killed 3300 rabbits in Bradgate Old Park, and the return of four days' shooting, pheasants, hares, and woodcocks, amounted to above 5000. To return to Holkham. "On the day referred to, the shooting party repaired to Warham, and were followed during the greater part of the day by a bird of prey, which constantly attended their motions, and was repeatedly fired at while hovering over their heads, without betraying the smallest symptoms of apprehension and alarm, even though the shot was heard to rattle on its feathers. In the afternoon it descended from its aerial flight, and settled on a tree, where it allowed Mr. Coke, attended by a boy holding a dead pheasant dangling in his hand, to approach sufficiently near to get a shot at it, which brought it to the ground. It proved to be a most beautiful female specimen of that rare bird, the *Falco Lagopus*, or rough-legged falcon, measuring very nearly 5 feet across the wings, and 2 feet 1 inch in length. The male bird had attended the shooting at Wighton just in the same manner two days before, and had boldly carried off from a heap of game two partridges. He was next day caught, in a trap, by the keepers, and both of them were presented by Mr. Coke to the Reverend G. Glover, as a most valuable accession to his collection of British birds." Mr. Coke afterwards became the Earl of Leicester, a kinder or more amiable man, or one more beloved by all classes, never existed. Here I am reminded of an anecdote connected with Holkham and King's Lynn, a borough I once had the honour of representing in Parliament, with Lord George Bentinck as my colleague. Upon the occasion referred to, some years ago, a vacancy occurred in the representation of this ancient borough, and the Mayor and Corporation, whose influence in those days was very great, decided on waiting upon Mr. Coke to consult with him as to who should be brought forward. Mr. Coke and a party were out shooting, when a deputation including the Mayor and other influential persons drove up to the lodge. They were informed by a person in the garb of a sportsman, whom they took for a gamekeeper, that Mr. Coke was out shooting, but would probably soon return, and were asked if they would like to walk through the gardens and grounds. This they accordingly did, conducted by the person who had first addressed them. In less than half an hour Mr. Coke returned, expressed his regret to the Mayor and other members of the Corporation that he had not been at home to receive them, and was then informed of the object of their visit. In the meantime, the gamekeeper, as he was taken to be, lingered about, evidently, as the Mayor thought, waiting for a gratuity, when just as his Worship was about to slip a crown-piece into his hand, Mr. Coke turned round and said, "Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, if you want a candidate, why should not my friend Tichfield come forward? By the way, I have not yet introduced him; let me present the Marquis of Tichfield." To describe the surprise, the consternation, of the municipal body is more than my pen can do; suffice it to say that the heir of the Duke of Portland was gladly accepted, and represented King's Lynn for some years, the close connection of the Bentinck family with that borough remaining until the death of the late lamented Lord George.

To resume. The following is an account of the game killed at Holkham, by Mr. Coke, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and seven other gentlemen, in fifteen days:—

Hares .....	1131
Pheasants .....	214
Partridges .....	350
Rabbits .....	883
Woodcocks .....	30
Wood-pigeons .....	12
Suipes .....	3
Total .....	2623

Upon another occasion Mr. Coke and eleven friends killed, in three days:—

Partridges .....	46
Pheasants .....	150
Hares .....	631
Rabbits .....	596
Woodcocks .....	29
Various .....	5
Total .....	1457

Again I find that the game shot during the season of 1813, upon the manor of Riddleworth, in Norfolk, the residence of Thomas Thornhill, Esq., was as follows:—

Pheasants .....	701
Partridges .....	725
Hares .....	574
Rabbits .....	492
Suipes .....	49
Woodcocks .....	6
Total .....	2547

About 3000 rabbits had also been killed by the keepers, with nets, props, &c.

A curious custom prevailed some sixty-three years ago. At the annual meeting of the gamekeepers of the county of Suffolk, on the 9th of December 1811, at Bury, for the purpose of awarding a silver powder flask to the keeper who should produce the certificate for the greatest quantity of hares, pheasants, and partridges shot at as well as killed, during any six days from the 8th of October to the 8th of December, Richard Sharnton delivered vouchers for the following list, and obtained the flask. The prize was given upon a comparison of the sport, estimating the number of guns, and the extent of land in strict preserve. Sharnton's list averaged three guns, and his extent of preserve, 4000 acres:—

	Killed.	Missed.
Cock pheasants .....	378	199
Hen pheasants .....	51	33
Partridges .....	508	301
Hares .....	177	94
Total shots, 1739: nearly 300 a day.		

Sharnton afterwards produced the account of the vermin and birds of prey that he had destroyed in the last twelve months. He had but two under-keepers. Sorry are we to see at the top of the list—

Foxes .....	22
Martins .....	3
Polecats .....	31
Stoats .....	146
Wild cats .....	7
Field rats .....	310
Crows and magpies .....	120
Hawks of all kinds .....	167
Brown owls .....	12

In 1808 the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Spencer Percival, gave notice in the House of Commons of his intention to have the game certificate duty collected with the assessed taxes, and that woodcocks, snipes, &c., would, as far as related to the licence, be considered as game. Upon this exaltation into the class of birds under the protection of the Legislature, the following lines were written:—

"The woodcocks and snipes t'other eve met together,  
To talk o'er the news of the day,  
When the President, shaking indignant each feather,  
Cry'd, 'List, Friends, to what I've to say:—

By the Chiefs of this land, we've been deemed a rich prize,  
We have flown far to pamper their wills;  
And, year after year, when they wanted Supplies,  
We were all on the wing with *Long Bills*.

Nay, so much were we lik'd at the feasts of the great,  
Tho' I never before of it boasted,  
That Princes and Lords, of our merits would prate,  
And even our *Trails* have they *tasted*.

But now they may cry up a crow, or woodpecker,  
Their owls and their pies, great and small,  
For the Chancellor vile, of the British Exchequer,  
Has fairly made *game* of us all.'

By this story depressed, they all slowly took wing,  
For to fly fast, they seem'd quite unable;  
And each took his oath—'By the clear water spring,  
*I'll be shot, if I e'er grace his table!*'"

Before I conclude, let me give an account of a true sporting match for 2000 guineas which came off on Monday, the 12th of August 1822. Lord Kennedy had taken 40 to 1 that he would, in one day of the season of 1822, from 12 o'clock of one night to 12 o'clock of the following night, kill 40 brace of grouse on his shooting-ground at Fetar, in Aberdeenshire, and afterwards ride to his seat a Dunnotter and back to Fetar, a distance of 140 miles. Exactly at 12 o'clock on Sunday night, three watches were set together, and put into a box by the umpires,—Turner, Esq., on the part of Mr. Farquharson, and Captain Barclay, on the part of Lord Kennedy; Mr. Cumming, referee. At four in the morning Lord Kennedy commenced shooting, attended by a numerous body of Highlanders, drawn together from curiosity. A great deal of rain had fallen in the night, which made the hills very wet and the birds wild. The first bird was killed at a quarter after four, and the whole 40 brace in four hours and forty-one minutes. After shifting his wet clothes, and taking some refreshment, he mounted his horse and started for Dunnotter, where he arrived at 2 o'clock, having ridden the seventy miles in four hours and a half. He remained about an hour there, and got back to Fetar four minutes before 8 o'clock at night, performing the 140 miles in ten hours and twenty-six minutes, thus winning the match by four hours and four minutes. The whole was done—shooting, riding, refreshment, rest, and changing his dress—in fifteen hours and fifty-six minutes. He returned to Castletown that night, a distance of fourteen miles, by 10 o'clock, making the whole distance on horseback 154 miles. His Lordship did not appear fatigued. Everything was against him, for the grouse were uncommonly strong and forward, and the road was anything but good—the first four miles being a mere mountain sheep track, and the remainder very hard and stony, with numerous short, sharp hills.

(To be continued.)

COURSING IN IRELAND SOME YEARS AGO.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

(Continued from page 114.)

THE usual change of quarters brought my regiment towards the North of Ireland. Head-quarters were at Dundalk, and I was on detachment with my troop at Belturbet, in the county of Cavan—an exceedingly dull place for a man addicted to the sport of fox-hunting. The country about was altogether unsuited for hunting of any description. There were but very few and widely separated coverts, and few, if any, foxes. There was no doubt a slender supply of hares, but though harriers might hunt, it was utterly impossible for men to ride to them. Every little hill—and there was an abundance of them—had a swamp or a bog surrounding its base, through which no horse could make its way, and the only sport attainable was snipe or woodcock-shooting, which could be had in privileged and well-preserved places in rare abundance. The coverts and bogs in which they were alone to be found, however, were reserved by their owners for the amusement of their personal friends, and as "coursing" was the only field sport which could be indulged in without special permission, it became on that account the favourite amusement of the better classes in the country, who bred greyhounds, and of the peasantry, who always assembled in large numbers to witness their performances. We learn from a book published in London about the year 1830, entitled "Arrian on Coursing," that this sport was greatly patronised by the Romans during the first four centuries of the Christian era, the greyhound, or "long-dog," as he was then designated, having been imported into Italy—from whence we are not told—early in the first. The translator of this work from the original Latin was supposed to be a Yorkshire doctor, who prided himself on killing "four hares a day," with his, as it would appear, "greatly prized and unmatched bitch named Herme." It is a sport to which I was never addicted, divested as it is of the adjuncts which render foxhunting so exciting, and which I perhaps should never have participated in but as a *pis-aller* for want of a better, and from an acquaintance which I formed with a very remarkable man, its then great promoter in Ireland, Father Tom Maguire, a Roman Catholic priest.

Having heard that a bet of £50, which he had made, to kill twenty-four hares in twenty-four consecutive hours with a black bitch of his, called "Fly," single-handed, was to be decided on a certain day, within a few miles' distance from my quarters, my curiosity was aroused, and I arrived in time to witness the commencement of a trial which I thought must assuredly end in the greyhound's defeat. The place mutually agreed upon for the decision of the wager was a well preserved moor, belonging to a friend of the reverend gentleman's, on which hares were abundant, and the time a day in the last week of March, giving Father Tom a decided advantage, for, notwithstanding the old saying of "as mad as a March hare," it is exactly the season of the year in which the animal runs worst. On reaching the spot fixed upon for the meet, I found a large and distinguished assembly of the patrons of the "leash," for the bet had been much canvassed amongst the owners of—as "Arrian" styled them—the "*pediculi celeres*," and betting was going on as rapidly on the "dog or the hare" as it does now on the "bird or the gun" at Hurlingham. I was introduced to Father Tom, who stood in the centre of a ring, with a handful of banknotes, anxiously seeking long odds against his pet, Black Fly. He had gradually fallen from very long odds, which he had at first demanded and obtained—to ten to one. As the time named for commencing operations approached, and with great *naïveté*, he at once asked me if I was inclined to make money on such cheap terms, as he said he foolishly made so ridiculous a bet, and now only backed his favourite, to show that though it was such a hopeless feat for any other dog to perform, he thought she might yet be able to

accomplish it, and he finally reduced his terms to six to one, which was largely taken, when the moment arrived that the game should be sought for, and the greyhound slipped. The animal on whom the priest staked his money was a low-sized, rather lengthy, black bitch, but a perfect model of strength and beauty. The crowd kept clustered together, only those appointed as judges walking in advance with Father Tom, the gentleman who accepted his wager, and the "slipper." They had barely entered the moor, conducted by the keeper, when two hares sprang from their "forms." One was almost immediately disposed of, before she had time to extend herself, and the bitch, instantly quitting her after the fatal toss and bite, flew after the second, and within two minutes had her also run down, when Father Tom, in a state of excitement, offered to take four to one on his favourite. But this first and easily accomplished success so completely damped the courage of the backers of the hare that he could obtain no acceptors to what he termed his "absurd proposition." When the bitch had completely recovered her wind, business was again proceeded with, and within the first hour and ten minutes Black Fly was credited with six "kills," which almost upset the priest's equanimity, and acted as a wet blanket on those who speculated on his defeat. The last hare had given the bitch more trouble than all the others. Father Tom declared an adjournment of the sport for two hours, and it was agreed upon that all the gentlemen present should proceed for breakfast to the keeper's house, close by, where cold ham and beef, supplemented with fresh eggs and tea, were prepared in abundance. Black Fly had about an ounce of oatmeal mixed with a noggin of new milk, taken from the cow at the door, in her master's presence, who, without once letting her out of his sight, lodged her comfortably in the keeper's bed covered with blankets, while he himself breakfasted at her side, and remained in the room until he again led her forth to prosecute her task. On his appearance he was loudly cheered by the assembled peasants, but he entreated them to preserve strict silence, as any noise might disturb the hares, and perhaps spoil the chance of his favourite. Game was soon found in plenty, and the bitch was still favoured with the same extraordinary success. Not one hare had either blinked or escaped her, and by twelve o'clock, that is, within six hours of the twenty-four allowed her, she had accomplished more than half her allotted task, having sixteen "kills" to her credit.

That part of the moor on which we had commenced operations having been thoroughly beaten, we now proceeded leisurely to another, but before entering on it Father Tom announced a second respite. He led Black Fly into an adjoining cabin, gave her a little more milk taken from the cow, mixed with a table-spoonful of brandy, and then had a blanket spread before a good turf fire, on which the jaded animal lay down and slept until she was again summoned to action. The first two hares she met with were run down in the usual style, but the third, after a protracted course, got off, and it was evident that Black Fly's strength was failing her. She had, however, nineteen killed, and more than four hours of daylight to dispose of the remaining five. Her master gave her another very small dose of milk and brandy which he carried in a flask, and again set her to work. She had disposed of three more, after courses which appeared to have completely exhausted her powers, for, whether owing to the stoutness of the hares, or the bitch's fatigue, they were far longer than any that had preceded them. It was now nearly dusk, and Father Tom's friends advised him to adjourn the proceedings until next morning. Fly would then be rested, and have light enough before six, when time expired, to deal with the remaining two still wanting; but he determined to continue as long as the bitch could see her game, for he argued that she would, after such hard work, be stiffer next day, and the hares would be more difficult to meet with or approach, as they would, at so early an hour, be still on foot. A few moments after a jaded jack sprang from his form; tired as the bitch was, she made at him with her accustomed gameness, and he being so weak, was quickly tossed over, while Fly was so utterly tired that she fell by his side, and appeared unable to stand, as all the coaxing of her master could not induce her to move.

It was now a matter of necessity to adjourn, but Father Tom took the chance of waiting till the last moment to announce it, in the hope of something turning up, however improbable it seemed, which might decide the fortunes of the day. A hand-barrow was procured, and the bitch, stretched on one frieze coat, and covered by another, was being carried from the field by two stout peasants, when, just as they were quitting the moor, the foremost man stumbled over a hare in its form, and the bitch was actually thrown on top of poor puss, who could barely limp along, having, as it was subsequently found, her thigh broken by a shot. The noise and bustle attracted our attention as we walked in advance, and on returning we found Black Fly lying beside the wounded hare, with her fore leg across it, which effectively prevented the unfortunate animal's getting off; but she was not as yet dead, and the bitch seemed unable to complete the "kill," which would have decided the wager. Father Tom wished to administer more brandy, but that being objected to, it was ruled that he was only entitled to do so before or after the course, but not during its continuance; and we were therefore compelled to patiently await the *dénouement*, the bitch now lying with her head resting upon and her fore leg still extended over the hare's back, who screamed most piteously at the torture she endured when ineffectually endeavouring to release herself. Time passed, night had fallen, and lighted candles fixed in lanterns were sent for to enable the adverse parties to witness the result. Black Fly still retained the same position apparently insensible, when the hare, after having for some time abandoned her attempts to escape, suddenly made a supreme effort, and, striking the bitch's breast with her undamaged leg, succeeded in drawing herself almost clear of her enemy. The movement aroused Black Fly from her torpor, and, though unable to bite with effect, she seized the hare, now lying on her back, by the throat, and held her grip until she strangled her. And thus was accomplished perhaps the most remarkable feat that was ever achieved in the annals of coursing. Father Tom's opponents at first protested against his victory, on the ground that the last hare had been maimed by the peasantry to enable his bitch to win, but they at once submitted to the decision against them when on examination it became evident that the wound must have been inflicted some days before, and that the shattered limb was full of duck shot. It is necessary to add that the reverend gentleman's triumph was received with rounds of applause on the spot, and that on reaching the inn in a neighbouring town, where an ordinary was established during the coursing meeting of which the decision of this extraordinary bet formed an item, Black Fly, after having had a warm bath, and being supplied with warm milk and brandy until she became positively "tight," was carefully lodged in his Reverence's bed, and a few weeks after carried off the principal prize at one of the great Liverpool meetings.

Father Tom Maguire, then in the prime of life, was a very popular and talented man, and, although he had little of the cleric in his personal appearance or manners, bore the reputation, amongst his coreligionists, of being a profound theologian. Had he belonged to any other profession,



he would no doubt have been distinguished on the Turf, as, next to coursing, racing was his particular delight. A most agreeable and witty companion, he often amused himself during dinner in composing, and afterwards singing, songs touching the peculiarities of some persons present. His hospitality was boundless; and as he was always on the most friendly terms with the Protestant gentlemen of his neighbourhood, his table was generally full, and the evenings were passed in "handicapping" after a fashion that I never before or since witnessed. Every article of dress on the person, and every animal or piece of furniture in the possession of every one present, was liable to be challenged, and the fun of the game consisted in stripping the loser, and compelling him to return home in a perfect state of transformation as regarded his outer man. On one occasion, Father Tom himself was so completely divested of his habiliments that he departed from my quarters habited in a pair of top boots, which he won, and a military shell jacket, which I lent him. The game was played after this fashion:—

A. challenged B.'s coat, and B., in return, challenged A.'s hat, when each deposited a shilling before C., who added one of his own, and proceeded to make the award. A. and B. put their hands in their pockets, and then C., having announced that B.'s hat was to give C.'s coat, say, one pound, called upon both to draw. If each held money, the bargain was made, and C. pocketed the shillings; but if he failed in making a successful award, that is, one satisfactory to both parties engaged, in three attempts, they went to the person who last held money. As Father Tom enjoyed this species of innocuous gambling, his farm was like a menagerie. He had old and young, sound and unsound horses, with cattle and sheep of good and bad description, all open to challenge; and as no engagements as to temper or other qualities of the things or animals challenged was ever given, it became necessary for those who played to exercise discretion in their proceedings, and there was always a hearty laugh when any one was particularly hit in his bargain. As military men received but little attention from the neighbouring gentry, I left Belturbet with great pleasure, and only with a remembrance of Father Tom's genuine kindness, who, poor fellow, was soon after brought to an untimely end.

(To be continued.)

THE FOREST RANGER'S QUALIFICATIONS.

THERE are certain qualifications that a sportsman must possess before he can be considered a master in his craft and a proficient in forest lore, and unless he attain these, he can never hope to make a successful hunter, as he will neither know how to find game nor what plans to adopt under different circumstances, for he will have to vary his arrangements according to the animal he is in search of, and the nature of the country he intends to hunt over.

The following are the seven qualifications a forest ranger should possess:—First. A complete mastery over his weapons and perfect confidence in their power. Second. Presence of mind and self-reliance in the moment of danger. Third. A knowledge of the characters and habits of forest creatures. Fourth. Sufficient knowledge of the anatomy of wild animals so as to know the most vulnerable points to aim at. Fifth. The gift of walking with a silent foot. Sixth. The art of reading the book of nature, and understanding forest signs. Seventh. Untiring perseverance in the pursuit of game and habitual wariness.

The first qualification that the tyro in woodcraft must attain is "a complete mastery over his weapons." He should not only be a good shot, and be able to judge distance correctly, but he should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the power and peculiarities of his rifle, and have sufficient mechanical knowledge to be able to take it to pieces, clean the component parts, and put them together again without assistance. He should know exactly how his rifle carries at different ranges, and ascertain what charge of powder it will burn, so as to give sufficient penetration, combined with the greatest accuracy.

Secondly. He should never lose his coolness and presence of mind in the moment of danger, or his head in the excitement attending it, but, using all precaution, and having a full confidence in his own powers and the excellence of his weapons, he should train himself to act promptly in an emergency, and avail himself of any advantage that might present itself. He who roams alone through the primeval forest goes, as it were, with his life in his hands, never knowing what ferocious animal he may meet, or on which side it may present itself; but the danger that would appal the uninitiated is to the trained and experienced hunter a delightful excitement, that to him is as necessary as the air he breathes.

Thirdly. The forest ranger must possess an intimate knowledge of the different characters and peculiar habits of all kinds of wild animals. He should watch and study their doings by night and day in their own domains, and be able to distinguish the different cries and strange noises they make. He should ascertain their favourite haunts, feeding-grounds, and drinking-places, and the time they usually frequent them. He should study the peculiar marks of their trail, and be able to judge, from the traces they leave behind, whether "the sign" is fresh or old, and what length of time has elapsed since the animal passed. This knowledge can only be obtained by careful observation and long experience, but it is one of the most important branches of forest lore, and constitutes the continual study of the most skillful hunters.

Fourthly. The real sportsman's distinguishing qualification is humanity; and although in following up his calling he is constantly compelled to take life, he should never do so uselessly, and, moreover, he ought to be able to kill his game skillfully, so as to cause the least amount of suffering possible. He should, therefore, study the anatomy of different animals, and learn the most vulnerable points to aim at, and the proper angles by which his bullet will penetrate the brain or the heart, and cause instantaneous death.

Fifthly. Every hunter of large game should be able to follow up a trail with the greatest certainty; and keen sight, great powers of observation, an intimate acquaintance with the habits of wild animals, and long experience, are required in attaining this art. In tracking up large game, the sportsman must keep his ears open, so that the slightest sound will not escape his notice, and he should be continually on the look-out, not only for "the sign" he is following up, and the game he may be in search of, but he must also be on the *qui vive* and prepared lest other creatures are also following him. He should move along with a firm but noiseless tread, taking care not to step upon a dry leaf or stick, lest a rustle might give the alarm and scare away his game. When the trail shows that the animal he is pursuing cannot be far distant, he should stop at times and listen, with his ear to the ground, for any sound that might betray his whereabouts. He should then be most cautious in approaching, and, if possible, work *against the wind*, lest the taint in the air betray his presence.

When following up spoor in thick forest, the hunter should ever be on the alert with his weapons ready for immediate service, as he cannot tell what a moment may bring forth, or what ferocious animal may start up in his path. He should also be particularly careful not to allow any of his followers to straggle or

loiter behind, and on no account should a word be spoken by any one above a whisper. In this way I have tracked up all the fiercest denizens of the forest, stolen upon them unawares, and killed them before they had recovered their astonishment at my intrusion.

The gift of tracking appears to be innate or a kind of instinct in the Red Indian, and to certain jungle tribes in India, who are able to read forest signs, and understand their meaning as dwellers of cities do books. The slightest mark that the uninitiated would pass by unheeded speaks volumes—an upturned stone, a bruised leaf, being sufficient to indicate the route pursued by game with the greatest certainty. It was a grand sight to see my gang of trained trackers following up a trail. As they pressed forward with bodies half bent, and eyes gliding along the ground, they reminded one of hounds running by scent; but there was one marked difference, they made no noise, seldom or never speaking when on trail, and then only in a subdued whisper. Indefatigable, used to constant warfare with the elements and struggles with the wild denizens of the forest, as the bloodhound loves the trail, so did they; and hunger, thirst, and weariness, must all be felt to an extreme degree before they would give it up. No one can hope to excel in stalking, which is the real criterion of a hunter's efficiency, unless he devotes his entire attention to reading forest signs, and knows how to tread with a silent footstep.

Sixthly. The hunter should be well versed in forest lore. There are numerous signs in the forest which experienced hunters can read like a book, and be certain of the presence of different kinds of game, for instance, the barking of trees by deer, the scraping up of soft earth by bison, white ants' nests dug up, bees' nests spoiled, or trees stripped of their berries by bears, the cropping of young wood by elephants, and the impressions made by their trunks in soft banks, and many other marks which are intelligible only to the initiated in forest lore.

The seventh qualification a forest ranger must possess is untiring perseverance in the pursuit of game and habitual wariness, for not only are most wild animals exceedingly shy and watchful, but they are also gifted with remarkably keen sight, and their senses of smelling and hearing are developed to an extraordinary degree. From the almost inaccessible nature of the ground on which they are often found, or the impenetrability of the forest, he who would take their spoils should be endued with great strength, perseverance, and endurance, besides which he must have the agility of a mountaineer and a steady head, or he can never follow up his game to their haunts, along narrow ledges of scarpd rocks and beetling heights, where a false step or a moment's giddiness would entail certain destruction. There can be no doubt but that intense excitement takes away all dread of danger, for I have seen it exemplified many times, not only on the hunting ground, but also on the field of battle. An ardent hunter, like a daring soldier, possesses a mental energy superior to all thought of peril; for, seeking only the attainment of his purpose, he pursues his course with that dogged stubbornness, inflexibility of purpose, and recklessness of self-preservation, that make him invincible, and ensure success in the end. There is much in common between the life of a hunter and the career of a soldier, for both lead a predatory existence, which, although inseparable from fatigue, privation, hardship, and danger, is full of fascinating excitement, and possesses irresistible charms, that amply compensate for the loss of the more refined pleasures and luxuries of civilised life. The forest ranger, accustomed to live face to face with danger, never knowing what an hour may bring forth, soon becomes weary of the unnatural restraints and dull routine of every-day life, and longs to return to the ever changing forest, which has delights peculiarly its own; and the further the wanderer goes from the haunts of man the stronger become those exhilarating sensations which fill the heart with gladness, and nerve the body with energy to put forth its strength. He who lives constantly with Nature, watching and studying all her changing moods, feels that he has a world within himself that no adverse fortune can sweep away.

THE DRURY LANE RENTERS.  
IMPORTANT DECISION.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Nov. 16.

(Sittings in Banco, before Lord Chief Justice COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice BRETT and Mr. Justice DENMAN.)

DAUNEY V. CHATTERTON.

THIS was a special case stated for the opinion of the court involving the question of the right of the renters of Drury Lane Theatre to free admission to the stalls, the plaintiff being an equity barrister and renter, and the defendant being the lessee and manager of the theatre.

Mr. Day, Q.C., and Mr. Sydney Hastings appeared for the plaintiff; Mr. McIntyre, Q.C., and Mr. J. H. Poulter for the defendant.

The case stated that the present Drury Lane Theatre was built under the provisions of three Acts of Parliament, the third of which regulates the rights of the new renters to free admission, providing that they were to be entitled to the free liberty and privilege of admission into the usual audience part of the theatre, except certain private boxes which then existed, in as full and effectual a manner as had been enjoyed by them before, subject to regulations to be made by the company of proprietors for the prevention of frauds and the regulation of the theatre, provided such regulations should not infringe or abridge the renters' rights. No evidence could be obtained as to the manner in which the privilege of free admission was enjoyed before and at the time of the passing of the Act, at which time the whole floor of the house was pit. There are now 120 stalls, which have existed for upwards of 20 years. It was found in the case that the rights of renters to admission without payment had always been a matter of contention, but that it had always been disputed by the lessees, who had occasionally ejected renters from the stalls. The renters, on signing their names in a book called the renters' book, were given admission to any vacant seat in the dress-circle. The plaintiff, on the night in question, had been given a seat in the dress-circle, which he had not liked, and had wished to change for a stall. The lessees' servants had offered to give him a stall on payment of 2s., the difference in price, but he had insisted on his right to free admission, and had therefore been ejected, no more force than was necessary being used on either side.

Lord Coleridge, in giving judgment, after recapitulating the facts, said that the question was purely one of construction of an Act of Parliament. It must be taken on the case that the plaintiff was willing to comply with all the regulations of the theatre except payment of the extra sum demanded, and that he was excluded with no unnecessary violence because he declined to pay that extra sum. If, therefore, the regulation as to extra payment was one which the company of proprietors had a right to make, the plaintiff must fail. It had been contended by Mr. Day, on behalf of the plaintiff that a renter had a right to go to any unoccupied seat in the house except the fourteen private boxes which had existed at the time of the passing of the Act at any time during the performance, and that, as against his right, all regulations as to booking seats beforehand and taking other private boxes were of no effect, nothing short

of physical occupation of a seat being sufficient to deprive him of a right to it. Had it been necessary for the argument for the plaintiff to be so broad in order to succeed, he would have given judgment for the defendant, holding that such a construction was wholly unreasonable, as regarded both the words of the Act and the facts stated in the case. The reasonable construction, in his opinion, was that a renter should be, without paying, in the same position as any member of the public who came at the same time, for the period between the opening of the doors and the termination of the performance; and that, like a member of the public, a renter was subject to all reasonable rules and regulations made by the committee of management from time to time. A member of the public could not claim a pre-engaged seat, no more could a renter, who moreover was so far at a disadvantage that he could not book a seat beforehand. Neither could a renter go to an unoccupied seat in a private box, as the regulation had been made that no mere part of one could be taken, and that regulation also was reasonable. This gave a fair and reasonable construction to the Act of Parliament giving to the renters a valuable and ascertained right. On the other hand, the contention of the defendant's counsel that the stalls were not the usual audience part of the theatre could not prevail. Neither could it be said that the right claimed was an easement which could be abandoned by prescription. However, even if it were, the court found as a fact that there had been no such abandonment as would extinguish an easement. The judgment of the court would therefore be for the plaintiff, because the defendant's servants had endeavoured to enforce a regulation abridging and infringing the rights of a new renter, such regulation being one the proprietors had no right to make. He had given his opinion fully, because he understood that both parties to the case were desirous that an intelligible rule should be laid down defining the respective rights of manager and renters.

Mr. Justice Brett delivered judgment to the same effect. He also added, referring to a suggestion made in argument, that he did not think that four renters going together would have a right to take a private box without paying for it, as their rights were several, and did not include one of combining. He added that he saw no objection to *bona fide* alterations being made in the audience part of the house, such as increasing the number of the private boxes, when the performance was changed in kind, as, for instance, when the house was let for opera.

Mr. Justice Denman agreed with the judgment of the court as far as it was necessary for the decision of the case. He preferred, however, to give no opinion upon the points alluded to in the latter part of the judgment of Mr. Justice Brett.

The defendant requests us to state that notice of appeal is about to be given under the advice of counsel.

IMPORTANT SALE OF FOX-TERRIERS.

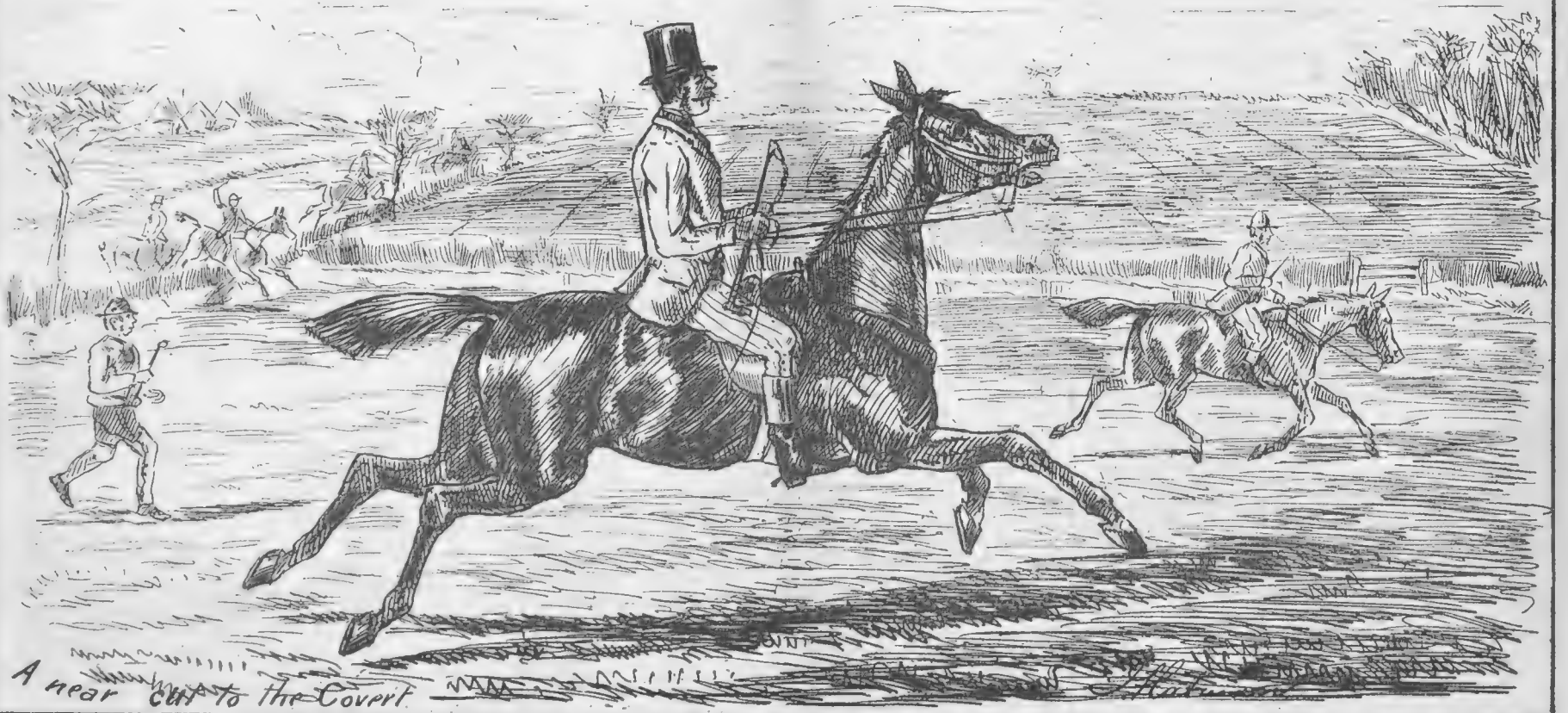
SOME weeks ago we alluded to the intended sale of Mr. Lancaster's fox-terriers, which was to have taken place at Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane, on September 19. For some unexplained reason, however, the dogs were not then sent up, but came to the hammer at the same place on Saturday last. There was a large attendance, most of the fox-terrier fanciers in and about town being present, and capital prices were realised, considering that, with a few exceptions, the terriers were an exceedingly bad lot. Jocko headed the list, a neat, smart little dog, who, in his day, won many prizes, though he is too short of bone and substance to suit the present taste; still he is sire of several good ones, and, being fashionably bred—by Sam out of Violet—was cheap at 14 guineas as a stud dog. Rival, also a prize winner, was well sold at 32 guineas. His pedigree is more than doubtful—he is said to be by old Jock, and, after having every chance for a season or two at Brokenhurst, he has proved a complete failure as a sire, Riot being about the only prize winner ever got by him. Then came "the beautiful Merlin," and certainly, as regards his head and ears, he deserved the complimentary adjective; but it was very fortunate for him that in his show days judges required little more than a long evenly marked head, for we have seldom seen such awful feet and fore legs as his, and they ought to have proved an effectual bar to his ever obtaining any sort of honours on the bench. Tyke II., a rather coarse dog with large ears, was bought in for 22 guineas; and then Berridon Joe, a large, useful-looking customer, went cheap for 5 guineas, as did Painter, a son of Gadfly and Patch, at 1½ guinea. Three young dogs by Rival out of Venom made their full value, for they were all too big and terribly leggy; while three bitch puppies, by Bitters out of Judy, that were sold in a lot for the apparently absurd price of 1 guinea, were so eaten up with red mange that a bystander might well say that he "wouldn't take them away with a sack of biscuits thrown in." Spite, an own sister to Mr. Dixon's famous Myrtle, presented little resemblance to her distinguished relative; and then came Derby Nectar, by Gadfly out of Lill, who was evidently regarded as the crack of the sale, a reserve of 35 guineas being placed upon her, and, 29 guineas proving the highest bid, she was sent back. She is certainly a sweetly pretty bitch, full of quality, and very elegant; but she is a little too much of a toy, and, from her want of bone and substance, would always be beaten in really good company. Vicious, by Rival out of Venom, was very small and weedy; but perhaps the worst of the whole lot was Folly, by Foiler out of Nectar, a pedigree that could scarcely be surpassed. She is terribly leggy, has no bone, her ears are all wrong, and she is about half an inch underhung, while her two puppies by Rival—about the most unsuitable dog that she could have been put to, by the way—are melancholy little objects. Most of the dogs were sent up in wretched condition, and Mr. Lancaster acted wisely in parting with the majority "for what they would fetch." We append a list of those sold:—

	Guineas.
Jocko, by Sam—Violet .....	14
RIVAL, by Jock .....	32
MERLIN .....	10
BERRIDON JOE, by Belvoir Joe—Judy .....	5
PAINTER, by Gadfly—Patch .....	1½
VINTNOR, by Rival—Venom .....	8½
VIBES, by Rival—Venom .....	3
VINDEX, by Rival—Venom .....	6½
Three bitch puppies by Bitters—Judy .....	1
TESTY, by Tartar—bitch by Young Trap .....	1
SPIKE, by Sam—Jennie .....	4
JUDY, by Jocko—Testy .....	3
VICIOUS, by Rival—Venom .....	8
VIXEN, by Rival—Venom .....	4
FOLLY, by Foiler—Nectar, with two puppies by Rival .....	6
TRINKET, by Horner—Trinket .....	3
SPRIGHTLY, by Jocko—Spite .....	2½
Total .....	113

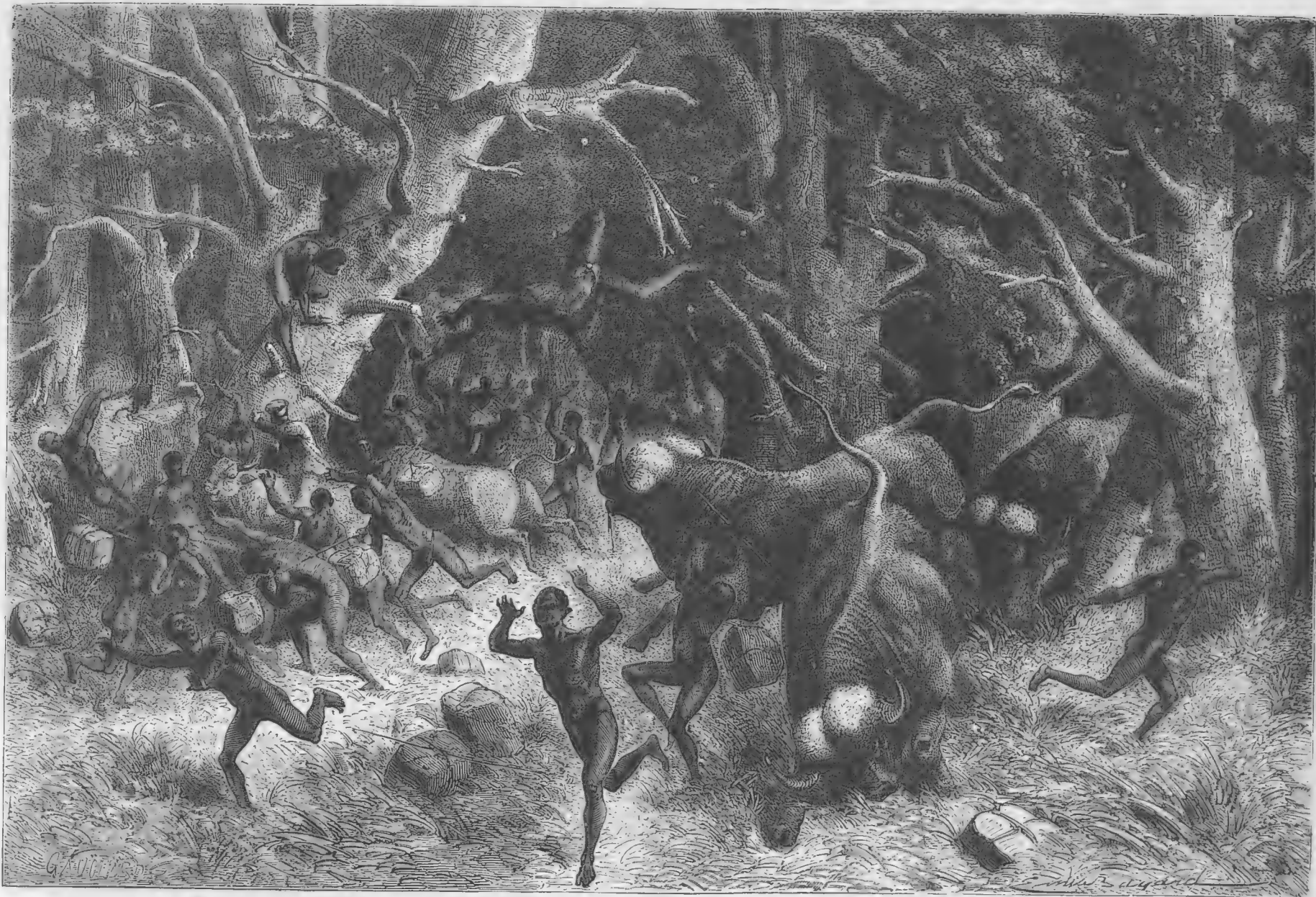
MR. WENTWORTH has been appointed judge for the Three Counties' Coursing Meeting on December 15 and 16, and for the Isle of Sheppy fixture on the 17th and 18th.

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.—Mr. Stayer, of St. John's College, Oxford, the new president of the University Boat Club, had two trial eights out on Tue-day over the short course between Oxford and Illey. The usual trial race will take place early in December. The challenge from Oxford to Cambridge will not be formally sent till early next year.









A CHARGE OF AFRICAN BUFFALO.



THE BANKS OF THE LIMPOPO.



## BY THE BYE,

in the various notices of works written by the late Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall—a sketch of whom we have copied from the "Maclise Portrait Gallery") we have seen no mention of one to which considerable interest is attached, from a dramatic point of view, namely, "The Life of Edmund Kean" in two volumes, post octavo. It was published in 1835 by Moxon, two years after the great actor's death, when Procter was forty-five years of age, and is a deeply interesting work, which gives by far the most complete and touching history of poor Kean's early struggles in the provinces. Forty-five years of age so long ago, and yet he died only last month—just think of the men Procter must have known, of the changes he must have seen. In the jovial group



called "The Fraserians," from which we have sketched his serious and quiet face, and in which he sits at table with Coleridge, Hogg, D'Orsay, Southey, Maguire, Irving, Jerdan, Thackeray (a young man with an eye-glass stuck over his eye), Carlyle, Brewster, Theodor Hook, Lockhart, Crofton Croker, Galt, Ainsworth, Fraser (pulling a copy of the magazine from his pocket), Sargt. Murphy, Percival Banks, A. Cunningham, and other well-known men of the past, all in the full flow of fun and conversation over their wine and desert, his face being one of the few without a smile. Some good folks who are curious about old actors of renown, and love to read their lives, may thank us for calling attention to Procter's seemingly forgotten "Life of Kean," from which here is a picture you may care to look upon:—

"It was four o'clock on a fine July morning when they (Kean and his wife—who had been a governess before her marriage) shook the dust of Birmingham from their feet, and commenced their journey on foot towards Bristol. Their poverty compelled them to be thus early risers, for creditors at Birmingham, like those in other places, have quick eyes and 'flinty hearts.' They walked slowly (for Mrs. Kean was very infirm), and arranged that they should travel about ten or twelve miles a day, if possible. Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark, sharp, resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder, suspending the family bundle of clothes, looked like a shabby little navy lieutenant whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on with his wife to his native village. This resemblance (for it is no imagining of ours) procured them from time to time some little attentions, and always commanded respect." Progressing thus slowly and wearily, eating but one poor meal per day to husband their scanty resources, the poor little couple at last reached Bristol, and put up weak, foot-sore, and sick of heart, at "The Mulberry Tree." They had walked a hundred miles, but their destination being the theatre at Swansea, they had still a journey of eighty more before them, and their money had very nearly gone. They started again in the evening, refreshed by their rest, and with fifteen shillings left after paying their bill for food and lodging. At Clifton they found a boat bound for Newport was likely to pass in the course of the evening. At ten o'clock, when it was dark, the boat appeared, "a little vessel laden with hemp and tar," the skipper of which was not however inclined "to stop for the sake of two poor players." Kean's eloquent appeal, and pity for his wife, perhaps, induced the captain to take them with him for five shillings. The boat was small, and its cargo, which fully occupied it, smelt detestably, but the poor players embarked with grateful hearts. "Mrs. Kean, who was in great and increasing pain, apprehensive, in fact, of a premature confinement, lay down upon a coil of ropes, but was unable to sleep." Kean walked the deck all night, and "at nine in the morning the vessel swung into Newport, and discharged its theatrical cargo." From thence they walked to Cardiff, and from thence—Mrs. Kean, poor little creature! being all the time in great pain, but resolutely bent upon proceeding—they toiled slowly on until late in the evening, "half dead with fatigue," having been walking since six o'clock in the morning. They reached Cowbridge to find every inn closed, every house shut up and dark, the people all in bed! Barry Cornwall describes many other incidents of that pitiful journey, all equally and sadly interesting, and some which rouse a smile—as, for instance, where Kean terribly frightened a ruffian who would have attempted the honour of his wife, by furiously unsheathing one of his swords (it was his "Richard sword"). It is a fearful reading in parts, as, for instance, in that where we learn how Mrs. Kean "knelt down by the side of her bed, in which the two half-famished children lay, and prayed that they and herself might at once be released from their sufferings;" and saddest of all, perhaps, it is to read how the prosperity and success which made the actor spoil the man. Excellently well told, too, is the story of Kean's first great triumph on the evening of January 26, 1814, finishing a day on which Kean had—to prepare him for the awfully momentous occasion—what he did not then have too often, a dinner, produced for him, "by the usual alchemy, we suppose," says Barry Cornwall, "some rapid conversion of spangled velvet or satin into silver"; and, moreover, a dinner by the generosity of which "his courage was to be braced and his voice strengthened." It consisted of "a beefsteak and a pot of porter." Who cannot realise the position of that poor woman—we feel almost sure she had eaten no dinner herself, although she probably told Kean she had eaten it before he came in (women—we know them—are so ready to tell lies of this kind—God bless them!)—who cannot imagine, we say, how she sat alone, doubting, fearing, hoping, feverish, and restless, unable to work or read, as the hours went slowly, ah! how slowly, slowly by! The risk was deadly. To be damned in London was to be damned in the country, to be irretrievably ruined! Thinking of her children, well might the poor mother tremble and grow sick with fear. Had they chosen the better thing? Would it not, perhaps, after all have been wiser had they never come to London; had they continued their hopeless, desperate, miserable struggles in the provinces; their starvings; their footsore trappings from town to town; the squalid lodgings, from which they stole forth in the darkness like thieves to save the poor "properties," which alone kept the gaunt wolf from devouring them. Readily enough can we—who

know something of a provincial player's adventures—imagine this poor woman's thoughts and feelings as she sat alone waiting for Kean's return, and who cannot realise in his fancy the wild outburst of joy with which the victorious hero of the night ran upstairs, crying, "Oh, Mary! my fortune's made; now you shall ride in your carriage."

Speaking of Edmund Kean reminds us that he is one of the very few men whose wisdom not only failed to tell him who his father was, but who was actually all his life in doubt as to who his mother was! It appears most probable, however, although Kean on his deathbed denied it, that she was Miss Carey the actress, a daughter of one who was the author of sundry operas and musical interludes long since forgotten—Henry Carey, he who wrote "Sally in our Alley," which Addison praised for the words, and Geminiani for the music. It is well known that Miss Carey, whose unfortunate father killed himself in a fit of despondency, afterwards sold flowers in the streets, but it is not, we fancy, so well known that her father was the illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, a distinguished patron of literary men, and himself a writer of no mean ability.

Ned Shutter was another eminent actor who did not know who his ma' and pa' were—

"Shutter, who never cared a single pin  
Whether he left out nonsense or put in,"

as Churchill wrote. He used to say, "I suppose I must have had parents, but I never remember having friends." We owe to Shutter the saying of a smart thing, still occasionally made use of by our journalists. A friend asking him why he did not get his stockings mended, he replied, saying it was because he was too proud to appear in darned stockings, and, added he, shrewdly, "if you have the pride of a gentleman, you will act like me, and rather walk in stockings full of holes than show a darn; a hole is merely the accident of a day, but a darn is premeditated poverty." Garrick pronounced Shutter the greatest comic genius he had ever seen. There is a good story told of this old actor which will bear repeating. He was on his way to play in the North, riding inside the stage with one other passenger, an old gentleman, when the coach was abruptly stopped by a single highwayman, who, presenting his pistol, demanded the actor's money. Shutter, turning upon him a countenance inexpressibly vacant, said, with the smile and appearance of a perfect simpleton:—

"Oh lud, Sir! they never trust me with any; nuncle here always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your Honour."

Cursing his stupidity, the robber turned to "nuncle," who was feigning to be asleep, awoke him with a slap in the face, and, stripping him of money and jewellery, rode off, leaving Shutter to laugh heartily at the expense of his less fortunate companion.

There is another story equally amusing which crops up in this by-way of Shutter's. It was told by the famous fencer, Angelo, in his Autobiography. Two illustrious persons, members of the royal family, being one evening behind the scenes at Covent Garden Theatre, disposed for a little humour, went to have a chat with Shutter in his dressing-room. He, having an arduous part to perform, was anxious to be left alone, for in their gay mood they were following him about. He had to dress for two characters; so having a ready wit, and knowing their princely condescension, he said to one, "By Jupiter! the prompter has got my book. I must fetch it—will you be so obliging as to hold my skull-cap to the fire, your Royal Highness?" and to the other prince, "Perhaps you will condescend to air my breeches?" Yielding to his humour, they good-naturedly did as they were required,



and Shutter, hurrying away, told what he had done in the green-room. Several of the performers and others who were present stole up the stairs, and, peeping through the keyhole, laughingly saw the royal brothers thus employed. Well, royal personages have done worse things, and we have even known some who were often less usefully employed than in airing the wig and breeches of a clever actor, who had originally been the potboy of an obscure tavern close by the theatre in which they played their novel parts, "on this occasion only," to an unsuspected audience. "Poor Ned Shutter" says Angelo, "with all his follies, and with all his errors, like many another careless clever fellow, possessed so kind and generous a heart that he was universally regarded, and as universally pitied. Never was the common axiom, 'He was no man's enemy but his own,' more generally applied to anyone than to him." In an old periodical called *The Devil*, which used to appear in 1780 in weekly numbers at twopenny halfpenny each, we read:—

"Beside Charles Street, where hackney-coaches meet,  
Where two blue posts adorn fam'd Russell Street,  
There, in an alehouse, taught to play the fool,  
Good Master Shutter first was put to school.  
Nature's adopted son, tho' mean and low,  
Alas! I knew him well, Horatio.  
Well did the tittering audience love to tra  
The Miser's thrift depicted in his face;  
Well would the busy whisper circle round  
When, in *Corbaccio*, at 'Volpone' he frown'd;  
Yet he was kind—but if absurd in aught.  
The love he bore to blackguards was in fault.

In guzzling, too, the landlord owned his skill,  
For tho' as drunk as muck, he'd guzzle still.

But past is all his fame—the 'Rose and Crown,'  
Where he so oft got tipsy, is burnt down."

Drunkness, it must in charity be remembered, was the vice of his age—spreading from peer to peasant—through all classes of society, and not excluding "the parsons" (it's lucky that this is not a play, subject to the good Lord Chamberlain's revision). The above extract in rhyme is from a parody upon Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," written by Anthony Pasquin, a notability of the last century, of whom a vast number of amusing anecdotes have been told. He was patronised in a very liberal spirit by a most eccentric nobleman of his day, the Earl of Barrymore, who dubbed him poet-laureate of Wargrave, and paid him, more or less regularly, a salary greater than that received by the actual laureate, Southey; his real name was Williams, and before he became literary, he was an engraver. Pasquin and the Earl were the founders of an eccentric club, called the "Bothering Club," passing into which by-way—for we are entirely at the mercy of our memory, and drift in a sporting, or dramatic, or literary direction just as the maggot bites—we add another anecdote, *avropos* of the aforesaid club.

Wargrave, with its handsome private theatre, and its barrack, as the long bed-room erected for unmarried guests was called, was then the seat of the most extraordinary orgies and revelries, such as had never before been known since the days of Old Rowley, a name by which the Merrie Monarch was in his day familiarly known. To this house resorted, at one time or another, all the more eminent men of the day, poets, players, singers, authors, as well as famous *bons vivants* of plebeian or patrician rank, and under its joyous roof were held the meetings of the Bothering Club. In our mind's eye, Horatio, let us look upon one of these meetings.

Here is a great City shopkeeper, who, presuming upon his wealth and with a grave sense of his own extreme importance, condescends to mix with player people and beggarly poets for the honour of sitting at a nobleman's table, and speaking of a real

*A great City Tradesman*



living earl familiarly as his friend. He has passed a day at Wargrave, and been treated very ceremoniously, with extreme deference and courtesy, and the guests are again assembled, when one, addressing the cit, says:—

"Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?"

"Sir, with great pleasure, but my name is Benson."

"Aha! I see—you are a wag, Sir. Well, let us hob and nob, Sir; but upon my soul you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, of Elbow Lane—a neighbour of mine, too—that I could have sworn"

"No, indeed, Sir; no. I can assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

At this moment a newly arrived guest enters the room, who, after bowing and apologising for being so late, is explaining the cause of his delay on the road, until, casting his eye upon the citizen, he exclaims abruptly, his eyes gleaming with delight, his hand outstretched:—

"Ah! my old friend Higginbottom; well, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure!"

"Sir! I beg pardon, indeed, Sir, you have the advantage of me. I am not Mr. Hig-hig-what's-his-name."

A loud incredulous laugh brings an angry flush into the wealthy tradesman's face, and he turns round to look for the friend to whom he owes his introduction to Wargrave, but finds to his dismay that he has disappeared. He consequently appeals to his Lordship, who, eying him suspiciously, remarks very gravely:—

"Sir! appearances are against you, your friend has disappeared, and, really, Sir, I don't know what to think."

Bewildered and astounded, Benson begins:—

*But—really—Sir—gentleman—really*



when his embarrassment is increased by the who exclaims:—

"It's no use, Higginbottom, you are snooked!"

"What do you mean, Sir?" gasps Benson, indignantly.

"Why, Sir, ha, ha, ha, that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mousetrap maker and nutmeg-grater manufacturer, of Elbow Lane and the greatest wag in the City of London."

And so the confederate jokers continue to play their parts,



artfully plying the worthy cit with wine, until in his confusion and bemuddlement he hardly knows whether he is actually Benson or Higginbottom.

Another of the practical jokes of this club was to prefer some ludicrous or preposterous charge against a newly made member of the club as a reason why he ought not to have been elected. When the accused grew angry and indignant, and talked loudly of his reputation and honour, Anthony Pasquin would arise and say sternly:—

“Sir, of a man with your taste, I, personally, could believe anything.”

“What the — do you mean, Sir, by making such an insulting remark.”

“Sir,” retorts Pasquin with insufferable calmness, “I appeal to the company; is there anything too bad to be believed of the man who every morning shaves himself with the razor with which his poor wife cut her own throat?”

Upon this, enraged past endurance, the stranger would probably endeavour to leave the room, but, finding the door locked, would be compelled to remain while the balloting-box was brought for every member to vote guilty or not guilty, with a black or white ball, after which—being found guilty—he would have no choice but to quit the house at midnight, or join them in their frolics and ribaldry, and become as noisy and inebriated as the rest of the roaring, brawling, mischief-loving madcaps.

Such were a sporting and dramatic nobleman's amusements at the end of the last century.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil, dated Nov. 28, 1868, and Oct. 22, 1872, of Anne, Marchioness of Thomond, formerly of No. 20, Royal Crescent, Bath, but late of No. 39, Grosvenor Place, who died on the 22nd ult., were proved on the 10th inst. by the Hon. Spencer Dudley Montagu and Henry Holland Burne, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £40,000. The testatrix, among many other legacies, gives to her butler, Robert Bowles, £100, her parrot with its cages, and £25 in addition to meet any expenses the bird may put him to; to the Paralytic and Epileptic Hospital, Bloomsbury, and the Adult Orphan Asylum, Regent's Park, £200 each; to the Bath General Hospital, the Bath United Hospital, the Monmouth Street Society, Bath, the Idiot Asylum, Bath, and the Blind School Home in the Vineyards, Bath, £100 each; and to the Eye Infirmary, Belvedere, Bath, and the Western Dispensary, £50 each, all free of duty.

The will, dated Aug. 15, 1872 of James Blyth, formerly of Coombe Lodge, Whitechurch, Oxfordshire, but late of Ray Cottage, Maidenhead, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 5th inst., by Walter Henry Maudsley, Warner John Lloyd Heriot, and Mrs. Mary Kate Blyth, the widow of the deceased, the acting executors, the personal estate being sworn under £140,000. The testator devises to his son James his freehold township of Blyth, near Toronto, and all his other lands and tenements in Canada; he bequeaths to his wife all his furniture and household effects, and two pecuniary legacies amounting together to £22,000; to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Heriot, an annuity of £300; to each of his sons, £10,000; to each of his daughters, £5000. The income of all the rest of his property is to be paid to his wife for life; at her death the residue is to be divided between all his children, so that his younger sons shall each take double the share, and his eldest son three times the amount of the share, of each of his daughters.

The will, dated, Feb. 18, 1864, of John Thompson, late of Albion Terrace, Chelsea, and of Belmont St. Peter, Margate, who died Sept. 14 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Georgiana Grace Mary Thompson, the widow, and William Duncan Watson, the surviving executors, the personal estate being sworn under £60,000. The testator bequeaths to his executor, Mr. Watson, £100; to his wife, his household furniture, £100, and an annuity of £100; £5 to each of his servants, and the residue of his real and personal estate between his five daughters and the widow and children of his deceased son John.

The will, dated Nov. 7, 1871, of Miss Charlotte Rawlins, late of No. 232, Upper Road, Islington, who died Nov. 10, 1873, was proved on the 6th inst. by Burroughs Dickie Kershaw, Robert McKergow, and Alfred Goad, the executors, the personalty being sworn under £20,000. The testatrix gives numerous legacies, and the residue to her nephew, William Francis Rawlins.

The will, dated Dec. 6, 1872, of Sir Henry Webb, Bart., formerly of Oldstock, Wilts, who died, at Esslingen, Wurtemberg, on Aug. 19 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by Mrs. Catherine Barbara Stöger, the sole executrix, and who is also the residuary legatee, the personalty being sworn under £5000.

In the abstract of the will of Lieutenant-General the Hon. James Lindsay, which appeared on the 7th inst., the name of one of the executors was given as Gruning instead of Gunning.—From the “Illustrated London News” of Nov. 21, 1874.

Races Past.

SHREWSBURY MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, November 17.—THE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 50 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; selling allowances. About five furlongs, straight. 12 subs.

Mr. T. Dawson's b c Robin, by Rococo—Timaru, 8st 12lb (£300) W. Gray 1  
Mr. F. Douglas's b f Anina, 8st 9lb (£300) F. Archer 2  
Betting: 5 to 2 on Robin. The favourite held the lead from end to end, and won by three parts of a length. He was then bought in for 390 gs.  
The CLEVELAND HANDICAP of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; winners extra. About five furlongs.  
Mr. Grettton's ch g Bank Note, by Lecturer—Queen of the Vale, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb ..... Newhouse 1  
Prince Soltykoff's b f Tripaway, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb ..... Rossiter 2  
Mr. C. Brooks's br g Templar, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb (car 7st 10lb) Constable 3  
Mr. Stuart's Beechnut, 4 yrs, 6st 3lb (car 6st 5lb) ..... Major 0  
Mr. Wadlow's Siluria, 4 yrs/6st 9lb ..... F. Archer 0  
Sir C. Rushout's Sweet Agnes, 3 yrs, 6st ..... Keyto 0  
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Tripaway, 4 to 1 each agst Bank Note and Beechnut, 9 to 2 agst Siluria, 100 to 15 agst Templar, and 7 to 1 agst Sweet Agnes.

Siluria went off in front, having Templar, Bank Note, and the favourite in attendance for about half the journey, where Siluria was beaten, and Bank Note assumed the lead, followed by Templar and Tripaway till reaching the distance, when the favourite took second place, but she had no chance of overhauling Bank Note, who coming away won in a canter by five lengths; Templar was a bad third, Beechnut fourth, Sweet Agnes next, and Siluria last, pulling up.

The GROBY CUP, value 300 sovs, added to a Nursery Handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, for two-year-olds; winners extra; the second saved his stake. Three-quarters of a mile, straight.  
Mr. Beaumont's ch c Macadam, by Y. Monarque—Mdlle. Duplessis, 6 st 10lb ..... F. Archer 1  
Mr. T. F. Drake's br c Pilgrim, 6st 8lb (car 6st 11lb) ..... Morbey 2  
Mr. Cartwright's ch f Maud Victoria, 7st 5lb ..... Newhouse 3  
Lord Wilton's br c by Saunterer—Light, 8st ..... Constable 0  
Mr. H. Bird's The Fakenham Ghost, 7st 3lb ..... Glover 0  
Mr. Bayliss's Lord Rosebery, 6st 3lb ..... J. Jarvis 0  
Mr. Grettton's Chester, 6st 2lb ..... Rossiter 0  
Mr. Johnston's ch c by Lord Clifden—Vimeira, 5st 13lb, Thompson 0  
Mr. Peddie's Huxley, 6st 12lb ..... Macdonald 0

Mr. G. Clement's St. George, 5st 12lb (car 5st 13lb) ..... C. Archer 0  
Col. Forester's Fleurance, 5st 10lb ..... H. Wyatt 0  
Betting: 4 to 1 each agst Fakenham Ghost and Macadam, 5 to 1 agst Chester, 6 to 1 agst Huxley, 7 to 1 agst Pilgrim, 8 to 1 agst Maud Victoria, 10 to 1 each agst Lord Rosebery and Vimeira colt, and 100 to 6 agst the Light colt.

Fakenham Ghost made play, attended by Huxley, Lord Rosebery, and Pilgrim, the remainder being headed by Vimeira colt, Maud Victoria, and Macadam, these positions being but little varied for half a mile, when Lord Rosebery gave way, and as they approached the distance Macadam ran through his horses, at once assumed the lead, and won by four lengths, a head separating second and third. Lord Rosebery was fourth, Chester fifth, Huxley sixth, Vimeira colt seventh, and Fleurance last. Fakenham Ghost retired from the front on being collared by Macadam at the distance.

The ENVILLE NURSERY HANDICAP of 3 sovs each, with 40 added, for two-year-olds; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Half a mile. 14 subs.

Mr. Percival's b f Mark Over, by Caterer—Fen de Joie, 7st 6lb Morbey 1  
Mr. Beadman's b f Keepsake, 6st 12lb ..... F. Archer 2  
Prince Soltykoff's ch f Peine de Cœur, 7st 8lb ..... Rossiter 3  
Mr. Case-Walker's Sir Hugh, 7st 10lb ..... Glover 0  
Mr. Chaplin's Eleusis, 7st 9lb ..... F. Jeffery 0  
Mr. Cave's Carpet Slipper, 7st 8lb ..... Major 0  
Mr. Patmore's Kenilworth, 7st 8lb (car 7st 9lb) ..... Constable 0  
Mr. Hatton's Beechnut, 7st 7lb ..... J. Jarvis 0  
Sir G. Chetwynd's Libertine, 7st 7lb ..... Newhouse 0  
Mr. Bates's Tweed, 7st 5lb ..... G. Cooke 0  
Mr. Vyner's Hawthorn, 7st ..... Mills 0  
Betting: 9 to 4 agst Eleusis, 4 to 1 agst Keepsake, 5 to 1 agst Peine de Cœur, 7 to 1 agst Libertine, 10 to 1 agst Sir Hugh, 100 to 8 agst Mark Over, and 100 to 6 agst Hawthorn.

Eleusis and Libertine went off with the lead, attended by Peine de Cœur, Tweed, and Keepsake to the distance, where Mark Over went to the front, followed at the same time by Keepsake and Peine de Cœur, but the two last-named could never reach Mark Over, who won easily at the finish by a length and a half, two lengths separating second and third. Kenilworth was fourth, the favourite fifth, Libertine sixth, and Tweed next. The winner was bought in for 250 guineas.

A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each for starters, with 60 added; weight for age; penalties and allowances. Two miles on the flat.  
Mr. T. Wadlow's br h Saccharine, by Saccharometer—Birdlime, 5 yrs, 13st 11lb ..... Mr. J. Goodwin 1  
Mr. Down's ch c Cassock, 4 yrs, 12st 5lb ..... Mr. Spence 2  
Mr. Yeates's br f Thyra, 4 yrs, 12st ..... Capt. Holyoake 3  
Mr. Gilpin's Lordling, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb ..... Owner 0  
Mr. J. Sanders's Sash, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb ..... Owner 0  
Mr. Leigh's King Cole, aged, 11st 7lb ..... Mr. A. Yates 0  
Mr. Brocklehurst's Rockingham, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb ..... Owner 0  
Mr. Wodson's Tom Tom, aged, 11st 7lb ..... Mr. R. Walker 0  
Mr. W. F. Roch's Sarchodon, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb ..... Mr. Thomas 0  
Mr. C. Wadlow's Charley, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb ..... Mr. J. Knight 0  
Betting: 100 to 80 each agst Tom Tom and King Cole, 4 to 1 agst Cassock, 5 to 1 agst Saccharine, and 10 to 1 agst Sarchodon.

Rockingham made the running, attended by Tom Tom, King Cole, and Sarchodon, with Cassock last till reaching the stand, when Tom Tom dropped back, and at the top turn Lordling had come through his horses, Rockingham retiring soon after, while Sarchodon, King Cole, and Thyra succeeded the leader to the turn for home, where Thyra and Saccharine drew up, and Cassock, who had been outpaced, now joined the leading division, but at the distance Saccharine went to the front, and having all his opponents settled directly afterwards, he won easily by a length; Thyra was a bad third, Lordling fourth, Tom Tom fifth, King Cole sixth, and Sash next, while Rockingham, beaten off, did not pass the post.

SECOND DAY.

WEDNESDAY, November 18.—A HUNTER'S STEEPLE-CHASE of 5 sovs each, with 40 added; weight for age; winners extra. About three miles.

Mr. Dodson's b g Goldfinder, by Cashbox, dam by Sultan (h-b), 6 yrs, 13st (inc 7lb extra) ..... Mr. Trewant 1  
Mr. G. Bowen's bl m So Glad (h-b), aged, 13st (inc 7lb extra) ..... Mr. Thomas 2  
Mr. R. Herbert's br m Cider Cup (h-b), aged, 13st (inc 7lb extra) ..... Owner 3  
Mr. G. Pearce's bl g Interest, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb (inc 7lb extra) ..... Mr. Hathaway 0  
Mr. Gully's Tom Tit, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb ..... Mr. Yates 0  
Mr. C. Wadlow's Orange Boy, aged, 13st (inc 7lb extra) ..... Capt. Holyoake 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Interest, 7 to 2 agst Goldfinder, and 9 to 2 agst Orange Boy.

Cider Cup went off in front, attended by So Glad and Goldfinder, with Interest and Orange Boy bringing up the rear, for half a mile, when Cider Cup fell into third place, and Interest took fourth position. On passing the stand, Goldfinder held the lead, followed by So Glad, but the lot soon after were widely scattered, Goldfinder coming in a winner by fifty lengths, Cider Cup being third, quite that distance in the rear of So Glad, while Interest falling at the last flight of hurdles, enabled Tom Tit to finish a bad fourth.

The SALOPIAN HURDLE RACE of 100 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; winners extra. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. Roch's ch m Rufina, by The Lawyer—Romance (h-b), 5 yrs, 10st 9lb ..... Mr. Thomas 1  
Mr. W. K. Walker's b c Industrious, 3 yrs, 10st 8lb ..... W. Daniels 2  
Mr. Leigh's ch h Corregidor, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb ..... Mr. A. Yates 3  
Sir R. Harvey's Vintner, aged, 12st 3lb ..... Barry 0  
Mr. J. Percival's Rattle, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb ..... Gregory 0  
Mr. Swaine's Revenge, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb ..... Mr. G. Moore 0  
Mr. Leigh's Florizel, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb ..... Mr. G. Barnes 0  
Mr. H. Ellison's Sackbut, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb ..... F. Lynham 0  
Sir G. Chetwynd's Faust, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb ..... J. Adams 0  
Mr. Platt's Solon, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb ..... Mr. G. Dalglish 0  
Mr. R. Herbert's Mestizo, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb ..... W. Reeves 0  
Betting: 100 to 30 agst Rattle, 6 to 1 agst Corregidor, 100 to 15 each agst Sackbut and Faust, 7 to 1 agst Industrious, 100 to 12 agst Mestizo, 10 to 1 agst Solon, and 100 to 7 agst Rufina.

Won easily by a length and a half; four lengths divided the second and third. Solon was fourth, Florizel, Revenge, and Vintner, obtained fifth, sixth, and seventh positions, the others having pulled up.  
The TANKERVILLE NURSERY of 100 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two-year-olds; winners extra. About five furlongs.

Mr. T. F. Drake's br c Pilgrim, by The Palmer—Happy Thought, by Thunderbolt, 6st 9lb (car 6st 10lb) ..... Morbey 1  
Mr. Beaumont's ch c Macadam, 7st 12lb (inc 10lb extra) ..... F. Archer 2  
Mr. H. Parker's br c by St. Mungo—Lady Warneford, 6st 4lb ..... C. Archer 3

Lord Wilton's br c by Saunterer—Light, 8st 4lb ..... Glover 0  
Mr. A. R. Baltazzi's Hector, 8st 3lb ..... C. Clark 0  
Mr. Woodcote's Vasco di Gama, 7st 2lb ..... Major 0  
Mr. Bryson's Herald, 6st 11lb ..... Newhouse 0  
Mr. T. F. Case-Walker's Rhapodist, 6st 7lb ..... J. Keyto 0  
Mr. Peddie's Huxley, 6st 4lb (car 6st 6lb) ..... Mills 0  
Mr. F. Grettton's Little Boy Blue, 6st 4lb ..... Rossiter 0  
Col. Carleton's Crinoline, 6st 3lb ..... Shepherd 0  
Mr. P. Pryor's br c by Friponnier—Troublesome, 8st 4lb ..... Constable 0  
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Macadam, 9 to 2 agst Herald, 100 to 15 agst Pilgrim, 10 to 1 agst Lady Warneford colt, 100 to 7 agst Light colt, and 20 to 1 each agst Little Boy Blue and Vasco di Gama.

Lady Warneford colt went off in front, attended by Herald and Troublesome colt, with Macadam, Little Boy Blue, Pilgrim, and Crinoline all close up in the order named for half the distance, when Herald retired, leaving second place to Macadam, with Pilgrim and Crinoline next, to the distance, where Pilgrim, Macadam, and Lady Warneford colt singled themselves out and ran a capital race home, the favourite being beaten by three-parts of a length, a head only separating second and third. Crinoline was fourth, Little Boy Blue fifth, Rhapodist sixth, Huxley seventh, and Troublesome colt next, with Herald and Vasco di Gama whipping in.

The GREAT SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP of 50 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each; winners extra. New straight mile. 48 subs.

Major Stapylton's ch h Syrian, by Mentmore—Princess, by Autocrat, aged, 7st 3lb ..... Glover 1  
M. Lefevre's ch c Conseil, 3 yrs, 6st ..... Rossiter 2  
Prince Bathynary's b h Delay, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb (car 7st) ..... C. Wood 3  
Mr. H. Bird's Lowlander, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb ..... Parry 0  
Mr. M. Dawson's Thunder, 4 yrs, 9st ..... Goner 0  
Lord Wilton's Modena, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb ..... T. Cannon 0  
Mr. Groucock's Newry, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb ..... Constable 0  
Mr. Chaplin's Khedive, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb ..... G. Cooke 0  
Mr. J. Dover's The Tester, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb ..... Morbey 0  
Lord Linsell's Peeping Tom, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb ..... F. Archer 0  
Mr. Somersetshire's Rostrevor, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb ..... Weedon 0  
Mr. Johnstone's b c by Blinbrook—Miss Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb ..... Thompson 0

Mr. R. W. S. Cotton's Packington, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb (car 6st 5lb) ..... Mills 0  
Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen's Kelchburne, 5 yrs, 6st 2lb (car 6st 6lb) ..... Horan 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Kidbrooke, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb ..... C. Archer 0  
Lord Linsell's Benedictine, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb (car 6st 9lb) ..... Macdonald 0  
Mr. J. Robinson's Raby Castle, 5 yrs, 6st 3lb ..... Keyto 0  
Wedmore was struck out at 10.15 a.m.  
Betting: 100 to 15 agst Peeping Tom, 7 to 1 each agst Syrian and Miss

Hawthorn colt, 8 to 1 agst Rostrevor, 9 to 1 agst Thunder, 10 to 1 agst Newry, 100 to 6 agst Modena, 100 to 7 agst Delay, 100 to 6 agst Benedictine, 20 to 1 agst Kidbrooke, 25 to 1 agst Lowlander, and 100 to 3 each agst Conseil, Kelchburne, and Raby Castle.

THE RACE.

The flag fell without delay to a fair start, the first to show in advance being Khedive, followed by Benedictine, but the latter at once took up the running, having Rostrevor, Kidbrooke, and Khedive in attendance, the next lot comprising Tester and Syrian in the centre of the course, with Delay, Modena, Conseil, Thunder, and Lowlander well up. They thus proceeded to the bend, where a slight scrimmage occurred, and Rostrevor at once dropped into the rear, Benedictine still retaining the command, but Syrian immediately afterwards took the lead, and was followed by Benedictine, Conseil, Miss Hawthorn colt, and Lowlander, while lying well up came on Thunder, Modena, Newry, and Delay, till reaching the distance, when Syrian increased his advantage, Conseil at the same time taking second position, Benedictine lying third, and Delay next, while Lowlander and Thunder, now evidently beaten, were eased, as was also Modena presently afterwards. Half way up the distance Benedictine likewise gave way, and Conseil challenged Syrian, but the old horse had it all his own way, and won with ease by a length and a half from the French colt, who was a couple of lengths in front of Delay, Benedictine being a bad fourth, with Newry fifth, Modena sixth, Khedive seventh, Thunder eighth, and Kelchburne ninth, Raby Castle heading the others, of whom Lowlander and Tester were last, with the exception of Rostrevor, who was pulled up, and walked in. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 1 min. 37½ sec. Value of the stake, £1365.

The ONSLOW STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 40 added; weight for age, with selling allowances. Three-quarters of a mile. 5 subs.

Mr. Hunt's br c Bras de Fer, by Voltigeur—Sweet Briar, by Stockwell, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (£50) ..... Aldridge 1  
Mr. R. Herbert's br f Astradamante, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (£50) ..... F. Archer 2

Mr. Stripp's Courtezan, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (£50) ..... Butler 3  
Mr. Peddie's Come-F\* 3 yrs, 9st (£50) ..... Constable 4  
Betting: 5 to 4 each agst Astradamante and Bras de Fer, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offere 0).

Comet made the running to the bend for home, where Bras de Fer came away and won by half a dozen lengths from Astradamante, Courtezan being a bad third and Comet fourth. The winner was bought in for 200 guineas.

The WILTON WELTER HANDICAP of 50 sovs, by subscription of 5 sovs each; winners extra. Five furlongs. 16 subs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's b c Berryfield, by Thunderbolt—Francesca, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb ..... Newhouse 1  
Mr. W. R. Marshall's b c Wedmore, 4 yrs, 9st ..... T. Cannon 2  
Mr. J. Richard's ch c Anchorite, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb ..... F. Archer 3  
Mr. J. Peddie's Snowdrop, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb ..... G. Cooke 0  
Mr. Vyner's Azalea, 6 yrs, 8st 13lb ..... J. Osborne 0  
Mr. Johnson's Serbad, 3 yrs, 7st ..... Morbey 0  
Duke of Uxest's c by Ratalpan—Secret Service, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb ..... Huxtable 0

Betting: Even on Berryfield, 100 to 15 each agst Anchorite and Serbad, 7 to 1 agst Wedmore, and 10 to 1 each agst Azalea and Snowdrop. Berryfield cut out the work, followed by Anchorite and Serbad to the distance, where Wedmore ran into second place, but could not overhaul the favourite, who won easily by a length and a half, a similar distance separating second and third. Serbad was fourth, Secret Service colt fifth, Snowdrop next, and Azalea last.

The GRENDON WELTER HANDICAP of 50 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; winners extra. Five furlongs.

Sir J. Astley's ch c Collingham, by Bredaibane—Hesperithusa, (h-b), 3 yrs, 7st 6lb ..... G. Wether 1  
Lord Bradford's b f Posthuma, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb ..... F. Archer 2  
Mr. Grettton's ch g Bank Note, 9st 5lb (inc 10lb extra) ..... T. Cannon 3

Mr. S. Smith's br c by Lord Clifden—Queen of Spain, 3 yrs, 7st ..... Newhouse 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Lunar Eclipse, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb ..... F. Webb 0  
Betting: 9 to 4 agst Lunar Eclipse, 5 to 2 agst Bank Note, and 5 to 1 each agst Posthuma, Collingham, and Queen of Spain colt.  
Won easily by five lengths; a bad third. Lunar Eclipse was fourth, and Queen of Spain colt last.

The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PLATE did not fill.

READING Steeple-chases will commence on January 5 next.

LICHFIELD SPRING MEETING.—This meeting is fixed for April 13 and 14.

THE celebrated Californian trotting horse Sam Purdy has just been sold for 20,000 dollars.

AFTER running badly in the Grendon Welter Handicap at Shrewsbury on Wednesday, Mr. S. Smith sold his colt by Lord Clifden out of Queen of Spain to Mr. W. Mundy for 100 sovs.

WARWICK MEETING.—The acceptances for the Great Midland Counties' Handicap were declared on Tuesday at noon. There are twenty acceptors, and the weights go up 5 lbs., Lilian being at the head of the list.

SYRIAN.—The time for the Great Shropshire Handicap is given by Benson's chronograph as 1 min. 37½ sec.—a most unprecedented feat, if correct. We may mention here that Syrian carried 7 st. 13 lbs. for the corresponding race last year, Pompadour (4 yrs., 8 st. 2 lbs.) being second to him, and Oxford Mixture (3 yrs., 6 st. 6 lbs.) third. No time recorded.

BRAS DE FER.—After winning the Onslow Stakes at Shrewsbury, this horse was bought in for 200 guineas. When Mr. Johnstone had his “weeding out” sale at Tattersall's a few weeks ago, Bras de Fer was sold for 68 guineas. He afterwards won two races at Reading, and his latest success proves that the original purchase money at Albert Gate was no mean investment.

DEATH OF MR. HENRY WRIGHT.—We announce with regret the death of Mr. Henry Wright, whose name was for upwards of twenty years honourably known as the second partner in the firm of Valentine and Wright. He had been suffering from ill health all the summer, and when autumn came, it brought no improvement in his condition, and, after having tried the seaside, he retired at length to his house at Esher, where he died last Tuesday morning, in the 48th year of his age.

AUTEUIL STEEPLE-CHASES.—Third and last day, Sunday, November 15.—Results:—Prix de l'Administration des Haras: Baron Finot's La Veine, by Ventre-St-Gris out of Valeriane (Count), first; Paimpont, second. Niche fell. Won by two lengths. Prix de Sèvres: M. Gougeon's Lapidaire, by Fitz-Gladiator out of Lorida (Page), first; Sonnette, second; Boléro, third. Won by a length and a half. Grand Prix d'Automne: Mr. R. Hennessy's No Good (late Woerth), by Lord Lincoln out of Worthless (Page), first; Dominus, second; Marin, third. Four ran. Won by a head. Prix du Point du Jour: Baron Finot's Nestor II., by Matamore out of Norah (Page), first; Enfant de Troupe, second; Ajol, third. Eleven ran. Won by two lengths.

ACTION FOR HORSES SOLD.—On Wednesday, in the Court of Exchequer, sitting at Nisi Prius, before Mr. Baron Pollock and a Middlesex common jury, the case of Toynbee v. Ker was heard. Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Barnard for the plaintiff. The defendant, who did not appear, was not represented by counsel. Mr. Huddleston, in stating the case, said his client, Mr. Thomas Toynbee, was a well-known dealer in horses, and was celebrated not only in the Metropolis, but had an almost world-wide reputation in his profession, and he sued the defendant, the Hon. C. J. Ker, who was an officer in the Guards, for the price of a number of fine horses, at sums ranging from £150 to £770 each. The total amount was £2244, out of which plaintiff had received £1050 from the defendant, leaving a balance of £1194 now sued for. The transactions in respect of which the action was brought extended from 1872 to 1873. The plaintiff having proved these facts in evidence, the learned judge directed the jury to find a verdict for the full amount claimed.

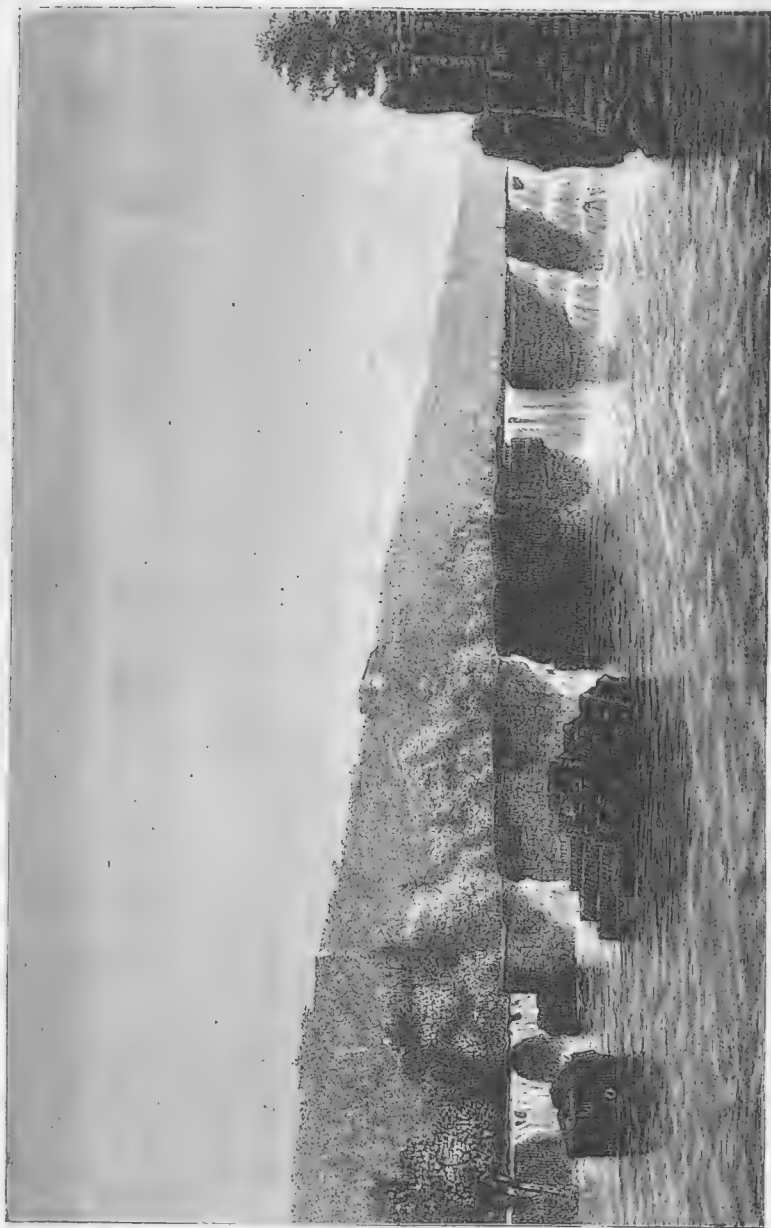
ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advrt.]



SKETCHES OF AFRICAN RIVER SCENERY. BY CAPTAIN MAGE, OF THE FRENCH NAVY.



THE FALLS OF GOUINA ON THE SENEGAL DURING THE RAINS.



THE FALLS OF GOUINA ON THE SENEGAL IN THE DRY SEASON.



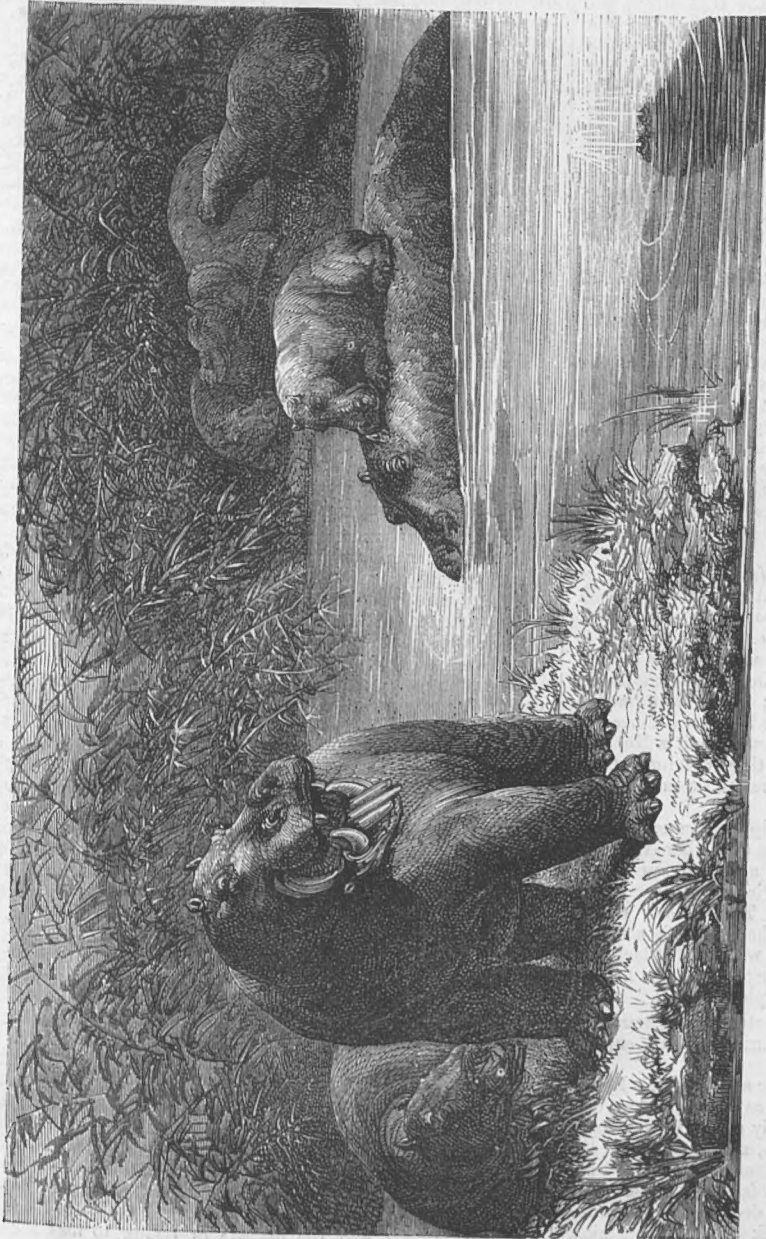
THE MOUNTAINS OF MAKAGNIAN.



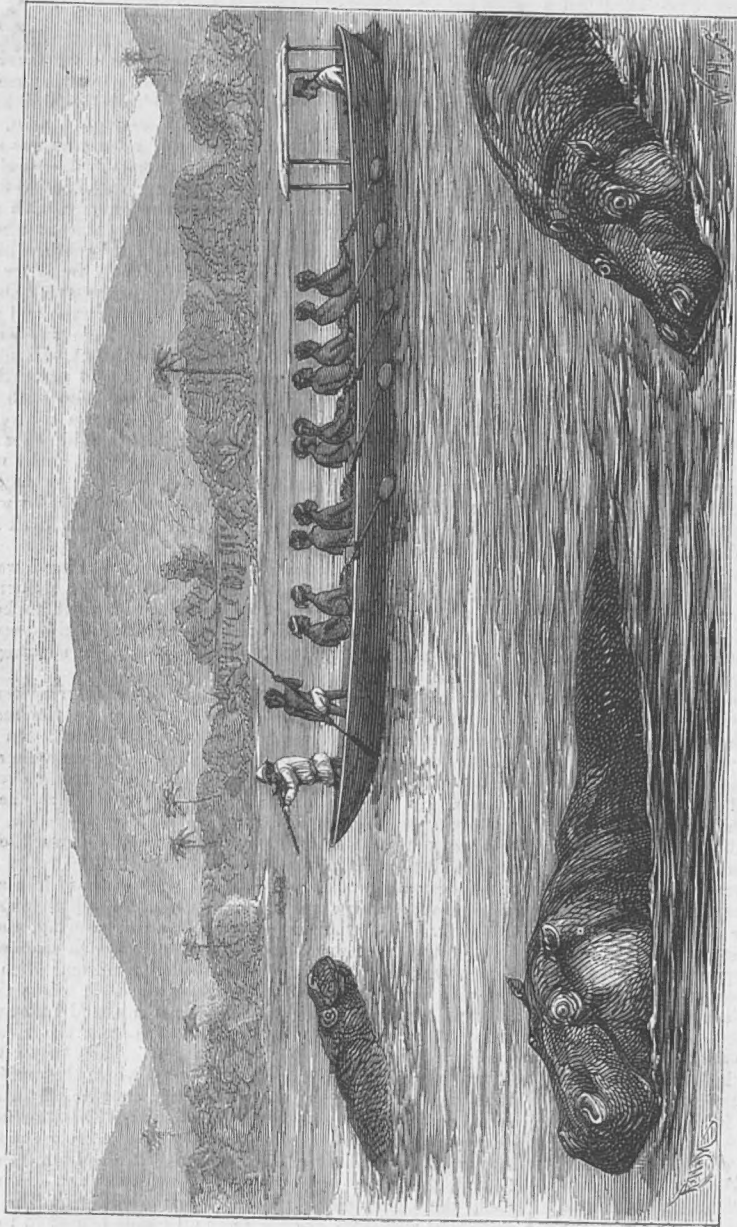
YAMINA ON THE NIGER.



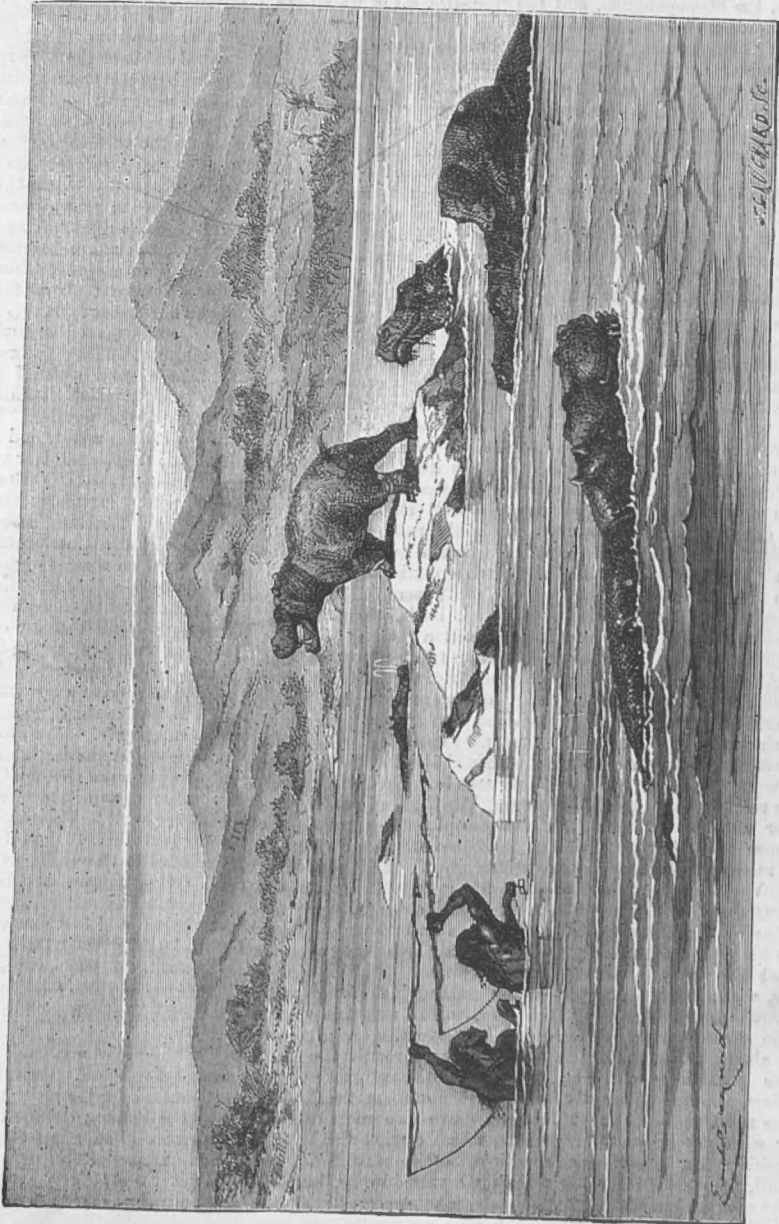
HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.



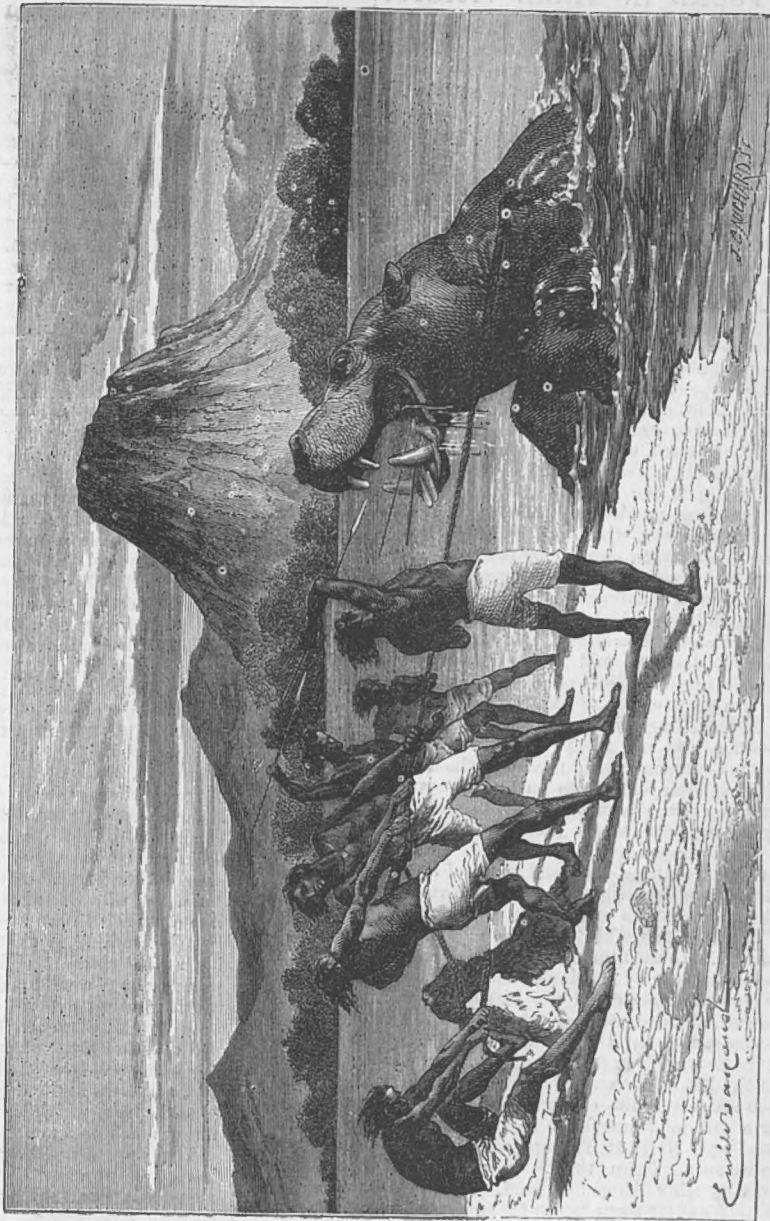
THE HAUNT OF "BEHEMOTH."



HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOOTING.



NATIVE HUNTERS HARPOONING A HIPPOPOTAMUS.



NATIVE HUNTERS HAULING A HIPPOPOTAMUS ASHORE.



## THE AFRICAN RIVERS, AND THE ANIMALS FOUND IN THEIR VICINITY.

THE immense continent of Africa, although abounding with the most striking and surprising contrasts, presents on a general view a monotonous uniformity, as from one coast to the other dreary arid wastes of almost boundless extent are spread over its surface, for the sun, which cheers and illumines the rest of the earth, glares upon Africa with such fatally oppressive influence that it blasts the whole face of nature and spreads desolation over the land, for the soil, when not watered by copious rains, or the over-flowing of rivers, is scorched and dried up till it is turned into a dreary waste. Thus those vast plains of sand we call the Great Desert extend across the entire continent except where intersected by the valley of the Nile. In this waste the traveller may march for days without finding water, or seeing any vestige of animal life. He pursues his dreary course amid loose hills incessantly shifting, and having no marks to guide his course. Every breeze is loaded with dust, which enters the mouth and nostrils, penetrating even the clothes and the pores of the skin, and sometimes the sand is driven along in clouds by whirlwinds, sweeping away all before them. Such is the general aspect of all regions between the tropics, directly beneath the solar influence, when not plentifully watered, as the soil moulders into sand and causes these desolate tracts to resemble the dry bed of an ancient ocean. In order to mitigate the desolating effects of the tropical sun, Nature has provided that every district under this latitude has its periodical rainy season, when the ground is covered as with a deluge, and great rivers, swollen by the floods, lay the low lands under water, and cause that luxuriant growth of vegetation which is only to be seen in equatorial regions. There are also mountain chains and table-lands which give rise to several rivers of great magnitude, which fertilise large tracts of country; and except in these irrigated districts, and upon certain elevated plateaus, vegetable life is in consequence of absence of moisture very scantily diffused over a great extent of Central Africa. Besides the great difficulty of travelling by land over arid wastes which supply neither food for man nor forage for cattle, a pestilential belt of mangrove swamp reeking with noxious exhalations and immense tracts of impregnable forest form an almost unsurpassable barrier to the formation of any extensive intercourse with the interior. It is only by the navigable rivers, therefore, that an expedition can penetrate any distance into the far interior. Unfortunately, all the large rivers have shifting bars and lines of breakers at the embouchures that impede navigation, and only permit shallow-draught vessels ascending, besides which in many of them are impetuous currents, that only powerful steamers can stem, and impracticable rapids and falls. In the illustrations—which are taken from drawings made on the spot by M. Mage, Lieutenant de Vaisseau of the French Navy—are represented the Makagnian and Gouina Falls, which obstruct the navigation of the Senegal. That enterprising officer, accompanied by Dr. Quintin and ten native followers, ascended the Senegal from Saint-Louis, at the embouchure, until he arrived at the Bamouk country on the Upper Senegal, a distance of over 800 miles from the coast, when he started across country, and after a fatiguing march of nearly three months' duration struck the Upper Niger at Yamina, which town is represented in the illustrations. There the party were detained on various pretensions by King Ahmadou, who, although he treated them kindly, would not let them return for nearly two years, when they reached Saint-Louis in safety, after an absence of nearly three years. M. Mage gave a very graphic description of the country through which he passed, which entirely substantiates Mungo Park's account, who went over a good deal of the same ground.

In most of the large and broad rivers of the African continent still exempt from white man's intrusion, and in the immense forests that overshadow them, are found three species of amphibious animals of ungainly shape and uncouth proportions. These are the buffalo, the hippopotamus, and the crocodile, all of which are alike able to stalk on land, march along the bottom of the waters, or swim on their surface. The African buffalo (*Bos Caffer*) has broad, massive, curved, sharp-pointed horns, that cover the entire forehead with the exception of a small triangular space, the apex of which is directed upwards between their bases. They are huge ponderous animals measuring about 9 feet in length, exclusive of the tail, which is 3 feet long, and terminates in a large tuft of coarse black hair. They often exceed 50 stone in weight when in good condition, but their flesh is coarse and tough. They are generally found in families of about twenty, although in certain seasons several families will herd together, and as many as a couple of hundred have been seen at a time. During the heat of the day the African buffaloes, like the Indian variety, frequent pools or bends in the river where the current is not very strong, and immerse themselves until only their heads appear above the surface, thus freeing themselves from the stinging flies that otherwise would allow them no respite. If water is unobtainable, they roll in the mud until a crust impervious to stinging insects is formed over their body, when after exposure to the sun's rays they look like hideous clay images such as are represented in Hindoo temples.

The buffalo has been reported by some writers to be a timid inoffensive animal, but my own experience has proved them to be quite the reverse, and I think a wounded bull buffalo is one of the most cunning, malignant, and revengeful brutes in creation, as the following incident will show. I was on a hunting expedition with Captain Stevenson and a Dutch colonist named Van Jansen in the Notoanis district, and our party were following up an old elephant trail that led through thick bush, down a rather steep incline, when all at once I perceived a herd of about a dozen buffalo making their way up the same track we were going down. As a string of natives carrying our baggage was following us in Indian file, I shouted so as to try and scare them, and make them break back, and both Stevenson and Van Jansen joined me, but our shouts produced no effect, and they continued to ascend the slope in a most defiant manner, a sturdy old bull leading. Passing the word to our carriers in the rear "to look out for squalls," and take refuge behind trees, Stevenson, Van Jansen, and I prepared for offensive operations, for the elephant track was not much more than 4 feet wide, and the bush on either side was almost impenetrable from dense undergrowth and wait-a-bit thorns. Van Jansen fired first from his roah, which carried a three-ounce ball, and struck the leading bull clean between the eyes, bringing him down to his knees, but in an instant he sprang again to his feet, and shaking his head in a threatening manner continued his course up the hill in our direction. Stevenson now let drive, and his first shot went crashing through the bull's nose and entered the chest, rolling him over, whilst with his second barrel he severely wounded a second bull, that, after plunging heavily about a few moments, tore his way through the bush, where we heard him fall. In spite of the discomfort of the two leaders, the remainder of the herd did not seem inclined to yield the right of way, and I brought down two more of their number with my heavy 8-gauge rifle, which carried the largest-size Jacob's shells, before they thought of beating a retreat. The first shell, which I fired at less than 60 yards' range, burst in the chest of a malignant-looking old cow, who was pawing up the ground with her feet and making hostile demonstrations, and finished her career, whilst the second just escaped the horns of a young bull, and entered the nape of the neck, where it exploded,

and shattered the vertebra, causing immediate death. Having cleared the way, we advanced, and were examining the horns and massive proportions of the big bull first shot at, when shouts and yells were heard in our rear, and all our carriers came rushing down the hill in a body, without their loads, having been charged by the bull wounded by Stevenson. We immediately made our way back again up the track, which was somewhat encumbered by our baggage, and at a little bend in the path came across the still quivering body of one of Van Jansen's best servants, who had been gored in two places through the body, one horn having entered the side just above the hip and ripped open the abdomen, whilst the other had entered just under the right arm-pit and pierced the lungs. A little further on lay one of our Zulu goat-boys, surrounded by five or six of his charge, insensible, and with his left arm and two ribs broken, and just beyond was the carcass of the pony that carried the water-skins, which was literally pounded into an almost undistinguishable heap, the intestines being scattered along the track for a dozen yards or more. I could see by the trail that, after having killed the pony, the buffalo had again re-entered the bush; so having looked to our arms, we followed him up, and after creeping through the undergrowth by the track he had made for about a couple of hundred yards, I caught sight of him lying down, with his back and hind quarters turned towards us. He was evidently very sick, as I could see by his horns that he was resting his head and neck on the ground, so having cocked my rifle and made ready, I gave a shrill whistle, which caused him to raise his head and turn his nose in our direction, when I gave him a shell just behind the ear, which exploding in the brain caused instantaneous death. Stevenson's cylindro-conical bullet had pierced his shoulder-blade and entered the lungs, but his extraordinary vitality and tenacity of life was such that, although mortally wounded, he could commit such damage whilst almost in his death throes. Having collected our people together with some difficulty, we buried the Zulu, and carried the wounded boy in a litter, but he never recovered his consciousness, and died in a few hours, having doubtless received some severe internal injury. In the evening I heard the whole account of the disastrous affair from some of the carriers who had witnessed it, and it appears that the buffalo, after having been wounded by Stevenson, had entered the jungle, and ascended the hill some distance, when, probably attracted by the sound of the horse's hoofs, it came crashing into the track down which the carriers were coming, and, first venting its revenge on the man, afterwards attacked the horse, merely knocking down the boy *en passant* by a sweep of his horns. After this affair I was always very careful how I meddled with a herd of buffalo, and always took care I had a good line of retreat before I commenced any hostile demonstrations.

"Behemoth" is another awkward customer to tackle when in his native element, and naturalists who represents the hippopotamus as of a mild and inoffensive disposition cannot have had much practical experience of their habits, when in a wild state, as on several occasions I have seen them wantonly attack boats and canoes. Some of the African tribes, who are fearless hunters, harpoon these ferocious-looking animals and kill them with javalins, as shown in the engravings, but in these affairs fatal accidents often happen, which in a country where life is held so cheaply is not of much account.

The Rev. Mr. Moffat relates an instance of an hippopotamus having seized a boy and literally severed his body in two with its monstrous jaws, but Sir Samuel Baker, in his last work, "Ismailia," cites an extraordinary instance of the unprovoked ferocity of an hippopotamus of the White Nile, which we shall give in his own words:—

"About half an hour before sunset I observed the head of an hippopotamus emerge from the bank of high grass that fringed the lake. My troops had no meat—thus I would not lose the opportunity of procuring, if possible, a supply of hippopotamus beef. I took a No. 8 breechloader, and started in the little dingy belonging to the *diabbeeah*. Having paddled quietly along the edge of the grass for a couple of hundred yards, I arrived near the spot from which the hippopotamus had emerged. It is the general habit of the hippopotami in these marsh districts to lie on the high grass swamps during the day, and to swim and amuse themselves in the open water at sunset. I had not waited long before I heard a snort, and I perceived the hippopotamus had risen to the surface about fifty yards from me. This distance was a little too great for the accurate firing necessary to reach the brain, especially when the shot must be taken from a boat, in which there is always some movement. I therefore allowed the animal to disappear, after which I immediately ordered the boat forward, to remain exactly over the spot where he had sunk. A few minutes elapsed, when the great, ugly head of the hippopotamus appeared about thirty paces from the boat, and having blown the water from his nostrils and snorted loudly, he turned round and seemed astonished to find the solitary little boat so near him. Telling the two boatmen to sit perfectly quiet, so as to allow a good sight, I aimed just below the eye, and fired a heavy shell, which contained a bursting charge of three drachms of fine-grained powder. The head disappeared. A little smoke hung over the water, and I could not observe other effects. The lake was deep, and after vainly sounding for the body with a boat hook I returned to the *diabbeeah* just as it became dark. The next morning the body of the hippopotamus was discovered floating near us, therefore all hands turned out to cut him up, delighted at the idea of fresh meat. There was about an acre of high and dry ground that bordered the marsh on one spot, and to this the carcass of the hippopotamus was towed. I was anxious to observe the effects of the explosive shell, as it was an invention of my own. This shell was composed of iron covered with lead. The interior was a cast-iron bottle (similar in shape to a stoneware seltzer-water bottle); the neck formed a nipple to receive a percussion cap. The entire bottle was concealed by a leaden coating, which was cast in a mould to fit a No. 8 or two-ounce rifle. The iron bottle contained three drachms of the strongest gunpowder, and a simple shell pressed down upon the nipple prepared the shell for service.

"On an examination of the head of the hippopotamus, I found that the shell had struck exactly beneath the eye, where the bone plate is thin. It had traversed the skull, and had apparently exploded in the brain, as it had entirely carried away the massive bone that formed the back of the skull. The velocity of the projectile had carried the fragments of the shell onwards after the explosion, and had formed a sort of tunnel, which was blackened with burnt powder for a considerable distance along the flesh of the neck. I was quite satisfied with my explosive shell."

Sir Samuel also recounts a rather strange instance of aggression in one of his adventures with hippopotami during his last expedition:—

"The night was cold, and the moon clear and bright. Every-one was wrapped up in warm blankets, and I was so sound asleep that I cannot describe more until I was suddenly awake by a tremendous splashing quite close to the *diabbeeah*, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. The main deck being crowded with people sleeping beneath their thick mosquito curtains, attached to the stairs of the poop deck and to the rigging in all directions, rendered it impossible to descend. I at once tore away some of the lines, and awakened the sleepy people.

My servant, Suleiman, was sleeping next to the cabin door. I called to him for a rifle. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring the rifle, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sunk the zinc boat with its cargo of flesh. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favourite boat. By this time Suleiman appeared from the cabin with an unloaded gun in his hand and without ammunition. This was a very good man, but he was never overburdened with presence of mind; he was shaking so fearfully from nervousness that his senses had entirely abandoned him. All the people were shouting and endeavouring to scare the hippo, which attacked us without ceasing, with a blind fury that I have never witnessed in any animal except a bull-dog.

"By the time I had procured a rifle from the cabin, where they were always kept fixed in a row, loaded, and ready for action, with bags of breechloading ammunition on the same shelf, the movements of the animal were so rapid as he charged and plunged alternately beneath the water in a cloud of foam and wave that it was impossible to aim correctly at the small but fatal spot upon the head. The moon was extremely bright, and presently as he charged straight at the *diabbeeah*, I stopped him with a No. 8 (or two-ounce) shell. To my surprise he again recovered and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The *diabbeeah* rocked about upon the waves raised by the efforts of so large an animal; this movement rendered the aim uncertain. At length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay by the bank snorting and blowing.

"I could not distinguish him, as merely the head was above water, and this was concealed by the deep shadow thrown by the high grass. Thinking that he would die, I went to bed; but before this I took the precaution to arrange a white paper sight upon the muzzle of my rifle, without which night shooting is very uncertain.

"We had fallen asleep; but in about half an hour we were awake by another tremendous splash, and once more the mad beast came charging directly at us as though unhurt. In another instant he was at the *diabbeeah*; but I met him with a ball at the top of the head which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his four legs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked the *diabbeeah*. In this helpless manner he rolled for about 50 yards down the stream, and we all thought him killed.

"To our amazement he recovered, and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the river through the high grass by the left bank. There he remained snorting and blowing, and as the light of the moon was of no service in the dark shadows of the high grass, we waited for a considerable time, and then went to bed with the rifle placed in readiness on deck. In a short time I heard louder splashing. I again got up, and I perceived him about 80 yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left with the No. 8 rifle, and I distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to recross the shallow. This gave me a good chance at the shoulder, as his body was entirely exposed. He staggered forward at the shot, and fell dead in the shallow flat of the river. He was now past recovery. It was very cold, the thermometer was 54° Fahrenheit, and the blankets were very agreeable, as once more all hands turned in to sleep.

"On the following morning I made a *post-mortem* examination. He had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four on the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another had passed through his nose, and, passing downward, had cut off one of his large tusks. I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal—he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with bulls of his own species; some of these wounds were still unhealed. There was one scar about 2 feet in length, and about 2 inches below the level of the surface skin upon the flank. He was evidently a character of the worst description, but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. I can only suppose that the attack upon the vessels was induced by the smell of the raw hippopotamus flesh, which was hung in long strips about the rigging, and with which the zinc boat was filled. A dead hippopotamus that was floating astern lashed to the *diabbeeah* had not been disturbed. We raised the zinc boat, which was fortunately unhurt. The dingy had lost a mouthful, as the hippopotamus had bitten out a portion of the side, including the gunwale of hard wood; he had munched out a piece like the port of a small vessel, which he had accomplished with the same ease as though it had been a slice of toast."

Formidable as is the hippopotamus when his wrath is raised, he does not commit half the depredations of the crocodile, who lies like a log upon the water watching for his prey, and is the most dreaded of all the inhabitants of the African rivers. Thousands of lives are lost annually by the depredations of these ferocious animals, yet the natives scarcely make any attempts to extirpate them, or prevent their increase, and in some places they may be seen in hundreds together.

EPSOM.—Panopticon has been added to the list of geldings. The filly by Cecrops out of Arabella (2 yrs.) is turned out for training for the present.

MIDDLEHAM.—The Stag, Mocking Bird, Precentor, and Font-arabian were ridden to hounds last Monday. This looks as if their career on the flat had terminated.

GAMEKEEPERS AND POACHERS.—At the Chorley police-court, on Monday, eight colliers were charged with attempting to murder, by shooting, William Dawber, an assistant gamekeeper to Mr. Dicconson, of Wrightington Hall. The prisoners were apprehended about a fortnight ago, but were remanded from time to time in consequence of Dawber having sustained serious injuries, and being unable to appear. From the evidence, it appeared that on the night of October 21 the head keeper, Hugh Morris, and two others, with two guns, came upon eight poachers in a wood near Wrightington Hall. The keepers lay down, and the poachers—six of whom carried guns—came within a few yards of the keepers, when Morris asked them what they wanted. One of the poachers said they had come to blow his (Morris's) neck off. Morris took a gun from one of the keepers, and told the poachers it would be a bad night's work for somebody. The poachers then ran away, and the keepers obtained the assistance of three other men, and went in pursuit. One of the keepers, William Dawber, saw a man alongside a wood, and he went towards him, when the fellow, who carried a gun, kept stepping backwards. Dawber, who was unarmed, was about to seize him, when the man fired, wounding the keeper severely in the leg. Dawber called for assistance, and another keeper, named Baybutt, came up, and seeing a man running fired his gun at him, and the shot took effect in his back. All the prisoners were committed for trial at the assizes.—Three gamekeepers on the Drummond estates were on Monday tried at Perth for assaulting William Smith, a poacher. Smith had a game net in his possession, and the keepers in trying to take it assaulted him so brutally that his life was despaired of. All three were found guilty, and sentenced to pay fines of £4, £2, and £1, with alternatives of 60, 40, and 20 days' imprisonment.



## Sporting Intelligence.

### RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

OWING to the rather questionable proceedings that took place in respect to the management of George Frederick for the St. Leger, the success of Louise Victoria for the Autumn Cup at Liverpool last week was not received by the sporting world with the same enthusiasm as marked the clever victory obtained by her brother for the Derby. And yet her winning the great event at Aintree was not unpopular, for those who make public performances their guide backed her, knowing well that she had but to return to the form she was in this time last year to beat all her opponents. And that she was, they could hardly doubt, from the forward place she held to the Bushes in the contest for the Cesarewitch, while it could not escape their notice how well she had run over this course last year, when she split Sterling and King Lud for the Cup, heads apiece only separating the trio. Backers generally, however, failed to regard her chance to be a good one, arguing that she was not better treated by the Messrs. Topham than by the Admiral in the Great Yorkshire Stakes at Doncaster, for which, although on the spot, she failed to run; while they fancied the distance was not far enough for her, and that the string-halt with which she has since last year been afflicted would affect her speed. These notions proved to be all wrong, for since the establishment of the race it was never won easier, except perhaps by Gardiner. The race was run at a great pace, Serbia making the running at the top of his speed, a cut-throat policy to adopt for a three-year-old so heavily burdened, but which is now said was done contrary to the express directions of his trainer. Be that as it may, it settled most of the old ones very quickly, for Sabinus, Flurry, Falkland, Quail, Indian Ocean, and Vanderdecken being unable to go the pace at the commencement, were in hopeless difficulties ere the race had been half run. Freeman, it is true, on entering the straight, momentarily looked as if he was going to pull those through who had been looking for him to do a good thing all the year, but he was done with halfway up, whence the struggle lay between Louise Victoria, Thunder, Pageant, and Spectator. It was not however of long duration, for Mr. Cartwright's mare, who was most patiently ridden by Constable, no sooner took up the running than the race was over, as she won very easily from Thunder, who beat Pageant for the second money quite as easily. Cleverly as Louise Victoria won, her performance cannot be regarded as anything extraordinary, when it is borne in mind that Thunder was giving her 17lb besides her year, and that Pageant was only receiving 10lb for the two years between them. The result proved, however, that the winner's best distance is a mile and a half, and, moreover, that Thunder is a far better stayer than he has had the credit of being, while Spectator's running quite disappointed his noble owner as well as his trainer, who had every expectation from the stout manner he contested the Newmarket Derby with *Peut-être* that he would stay the Liverpool Autumn Cup Course, which must be nearly a furlong short of a mile and a half, if judged by the time test.

Sabinus, ever since he achieved his great double victory—the City and Suburban and Metropolitan—at Epsom, in 1870, and won the Cambridgeshire in the following year, has been held in more or less regard by the public, as they backed him for several events in which he was nominated in 1872 and 1873; but few anticipated, when the betting opened, that he would be made first favourite for the great Aintree prize. Yet such was the fact, for owing to a trial with Trent and others at Beckhampton, in which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of Sir George Chetwynd, he not only became his purchaser at a high figure, but stood him in preference to Kidbrooke, whom he had previously backed, and who was fancied by many astute backers. The running of Sabinus was so far from being in keeping with his trial that Sir George Chetwynd and Henry Woolcot would appear to have made a great mistake in gauging the abilities of the old horse as did Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Chaplin in trying

Hessleden and Khedive for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, for which, like Sabinus in this event, they were made such immense favourites. Such mistakes, if made by owners of humbler rank, would be regarded as done with the intention of "ringing the changes," or "rigging the market," but nothing of the kind can be imputed to these gentlemen, who have paid dearly in every instance for the blunders they made. How much Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Chaplin stood to win respectively over Hessleden and Khedive may never be publicly known, but it must have been something stupendous, when on the Autumn Cup Sir George Chetwynd is said to have stood to win £20,000.

How or with whose money Vanderdecken was at first made the favourite, there is now hardly any occasion to enquire, but the rumour prevalent at the time, that all the big books taken about him at Newmarket by Mr. Gomm were for Capt. Machell, could hardly have been true, or the gallant Captain must be fast losing that excellent judgment which has given him such a prominent position in the sporting world. His several performances at the close of last year hardly pointed to the likelihood of his winning this event, but until the horse got pricked in shoeing some days before the race, I believe Capt. Machell was very sanguine that Vanderdecken would for the second time be returned the winner. This I, however, very much question, and although he is one of the grandest horses now in training, I believe that he has seen his best day, as have most unquestionably Indian Ocean and Falkland. The running of Freeman showed that he has retained his speed, but he lacked the heart to finish when the pinch came. Whatever chance Serbia might have had was completely spoiled by the mad way in which Bruckshaw rode him, but Ascertic failed altogether to show any of that form the Newmarket horse watchers asserted he possessed from the style in which he finished his gallops with Dalham. Pageant, in finishing in front of Spectator, coupled with his previous running, shows the value of breeding from a staying horse like Elland, who has not received from breeders the patronage he is so well entitled to from his fine breeding and excellent performances. The indifferent figure cut by Conseil greatly disappointed his trainer, but he is evidently no boy's horse, and good a lad as little Major confessedly is, he could make nothing of the French horse round a course that requires so much riding as that at Aintree. That the best horse won at the weights there can be no question, but as I have said, this performance of Louise Victoria is nothing to boast about, and it has since been very considerably discounted by the easy defeat suffered by Thunder for the Great Shropshire Handicap at Shrewsbury.

The Great Lancashire Handicap, framed on the same principle as the Great Shropshire Handicap at the capital of Salop, failed to attract so numerous a field as the liberal addition of 500 sovereigns ought to have insured. Of the ninety horses nominated for it, only eleven put in an appearance at the starting-post, but it nevertheless gave occasion to some very heavy speculation. Lowlander was made the favourite, and after him Spectator and Restless were in much demand, the others backed being Syrian, the Miss Hawthorn colt, and Mr. Winkle. The two latter, as well as Lowlander and Restless, had run very forward in the Cambridgeshire, and hence it was that some heavy outlays were made upon them, but they disappointed their backers, as Spectator beat them almost as easily as *Peut-être* had done at Newmarket, thus confirming the correctness of the running of the winner with the French horse for the Newmarket Derby. The Miss Hawthorn colt and Lowlander alone made any fight of it, the former in particular, who was only beaten by a neck after having got badly off. Syrian, though apparently fancied by his owner and friends, never took a prominent part in the race, being beaten past the post by both Quail and Mr. Winkle, which could not have been his true running, as shown this week at Shrewsbury. Mr. Golby made a great mistake in flying at too high a quarry with Restless, as she was for this event quite as much out-classed as she was for the Cambridgeshire, a race the running of which since its very establishment has caused both owners and trainers to commit more mistakes in subsequently placing their horses than any other great event of the year.

The *réunion* held this week at the capital of Shropshire has been as great a success as ever, which speaks well for the continued popularity of Mr. Frail, who has always conducted the meeting in a manner to every way satisfy both his patrons and

the public. Both branches of the national sport have always held a place in the Shrewsbury programmes, and on this occasion the meeting was well patronised by the jumpers, as ten horses contended for the Autumn Steeple-chase, and good fields also ran for the other jump races. The former event, in falling to the Duc de Beaumont, confirmed the Liverpool running, and showed him to be as good as he looks, as he defeated some smart horses, including Rufina, George, Scots Grey, Harvester, Faliero, Morning Sky, and some others. And that there is no little merit in the performance was subsequently proved by the success of Rufina for the Hurdle Race, in which she beat the Brighton dead heaters, Corregidor and Rattle, besides Industrious, Vintner, Florizel, Solon, and others, who had previously distinguished themselves over timber. The two-year-old races were nearly all contested by large fields, particularly the Groby Cup and the Tankerville Nursery. The former fell to a cast-off of the French stable, Macadam, after a close race with Pilgrim, the latter of whom only beat Maud Victoria by a head for second, while behind them were Fakenham Ghost, Chester, Brother to Ringwood, and five others. Fakenham Ghost, Chester, and Macadam were backed heavily, but the two former cut up badly. In the Tankerville Nursery, Pilgrim, who met his opponent, Macadam, on much more favourable terms, beat him cleverly, while next to the pair was a colt by St. Mungo out of Lady Warnford, the first of that sire's produce that has been in public, and who will be heard of another day. Herald, by Laneret, an Irish importation, who started second favourite, as well as Vasco de Gama, cut up indifferently, while Hector, of the six remaining runners, is alone likely to distinguish himself hereafter. Mark Over at length won a race, as she carried off the Enville Nursery from a field of ten horses, of whom Keepsake and Peine de Cœur were the two next best.

The result of the Great Shropshire Handicap—the principal event of Wednesday—in favour of Syrian upset all the previous form of the year, and so clever was his victory that it can only be accounted for by his being kept specially for this race, which, it will be borne in mind he carried off last year. It is true that he ran several times this year, but he was never in so well as here, nor so fit, while his liking for the course was also greatly in his favour. No fewer than seventeen horses ran, and he very easily turned the tables on the Miss Hawthorn colt and Lowlander, both of whom beat him easily on the previous Friday at Liverpool, as I have noticed above. The field besides comprised Thunder, Modena, Newry, Khedive, Rostrevor, The Tester, Peeping Tom, Delay, Conseil, Packington, Kitchburne, Kidbrooke, Benedictine, and Raby Castle, all more or less noted for their fine speed. At the last, Peeping Tom was made the favourite, which completely flabbergasted those who fancied that Thunder would be the representative of the Heath House stable. And despite of Miss Hawthorn having beaten Syrian at Liverpool the latter was backed at the same price, 7 to 1, while those most famed besides were Rostrevor, Thunder, Newry, and Modena, but several others were backed, as will be seen by the return elsewhere, as long a price as 25 to 1 being laid against Lowlander, and 33 to 1 against Conseil. The race was run at a great pace throughout, but at the bend there was a scrimmage that seriously affected the chance of Rostrevor and some others. Still, from the style in which Syrian galloped past the winning chair, nothing could possibly have beaten him, and those who stood him at Aintree, and failed to do so here, looked unutterable things as he returned to the enclosure to weigh in.

The "legitimate" racing season will be brought to a close next week, at Warwick, where Mr. Merry has provided a bill of fare that has never been exceeded in attraction even at this popular meeting. The publication of the "Racing Calendar" being deferred until Friday week, however, precludes my noticing any of the races, except the Great Midland Counties' Handicap, the only race for which the weights have yet been published. It had originally sixty-one nominations, of whom forty-one declared the smaller forfeit, leaving twenty from which to form the field. Of these Chivalrous, Flurry, Falkland, Freeman, and Petition, Kidbrooke, and St. Mark, are likely to run for the Shrewsbury Cup; so that the result of that race will show which of them has the best chance for this event, for which I can only say that at present I prefer the chance of CHIVALROUS and PETITION, while THE SNAIL may get a place. BEACON.

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